

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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A WHITE HAND AND A BLACK THUMB.

IN THIRTEEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IX.

THE extra post-coach which carried Arthur and his fortunes had, by reason, no doubt, of its exceptional character, so many extra preliminaries to perform, and adieus to make, that it did not rumble finally from the yard of the Merry Privateer till after dusk. Government—which collective substantive, for reasons best known to itself, evinced quite a personal interest in this present coach-journey—had allowed fourteen hours for the vehicle to reach Harwich, a distance of seventy miles; and, as these would for the most part be hours of darkness, a trusty guard had been further provided to watch over its safety.

This individual, after the fashion of other important characters, made his appearance only at the last moment: and, when he did show, nearly frightened a nervous lady-passenger into hysterics by the multitude of lethal weapons sprinkled about his person.

Just before leaving, a very weighty square box, iron-bound, and secured with a most ostentatious padlock, was borne from the inner office, and let down with great care and ceremony into the fore-boot.

"Treasure," said a knowing passenger to his neighbour, with a wink.

"O, I do wish they wouldn't!" said the nervous lady, trembling from head to foot.

"Wouldn't what, ma'am?" said the formidable guard, bending his bushy brows.

"Put in money, please, sir," said the lady, timidly. "It's like inviting them. Does government want us murdered, please?"

"They send *me* to prevent it, ma'am," replied the haughty guard. "Jump in, if you please. Coach waits."

Five miles an hour, including stoppages, was regarded in those days as excellent speed. The extra post-coach disdained such creeping ways, and had been scarcely three hours on the road, when they approached Ingatestone, nearly twenty miles from town.

A long hill, however, intervened, and the sudden change of pace aroused the dozing travellers to the knowledge that they were crawling

up an ascent, lined on either hand by a bank and woodland. They were within a few yards of the summit of the hill, when a loud exclamation from the guard startled everybody. The coach gave a rough jerk onward, as if the horses had been urged to sudden speed. Then came a halt, and an authoritative voice—

"Fling that down!"

Down went a blunderbuss on the road. It was that borne by the formidable guard. He had snapped it, honestly enough, at the speaker; but the piece had missed fire, the robber's pistol was at his head, and all the fire-weapons in the world could not have saved his skull.

With one hand, the robber took away the guard's remaining arms; the other still holding the pistol about an inch from his eye. There was a moment's pause: then the coach door was opened, and a white hand, sparkling with gems, but with the thumb black as ink, was extended into the circle.

"Forgive me! Purses. Quick, if you please. The mail for London is coming. You know very well I can't search two coaches at once."

A rapid fumbling ensued, and several purses were put into the hand. Then commenced a reluctant tugging at watches.

"Keep those! Purses only! Now, sir!" said the highwayman, touching Haggerdorn.

"I have not a purse, nor much of moneys," replied Arthur, "but——"

"What's that in your hand?"

"Only a——"

"A snuff-box. I've lost my own. Toss it hither."

"I'll die first," said the boy.

"Young fool!" was the only retort, as the practised hand made one swoop into the coach and vanished with the snuff-box. "Enough, gentlemen! A good journey!"

"Heaven be praised!" ejaculated the nervous lady.

"Have they got the treasure, you?" inquired a male passenger of the discomfited guard.

"No, they *ain't* got the treasure," growled the latter. "For why? There *wasn't* none. It were a trap, you see. The treasure's gone by the reg'lar coach. And the robber he know'd on it."

"This is a paternal government," said the passenger, dashing up the window. "Trap, indeed! Baited with the public!"

Every aggrieved individual feels for the public. The coach was in the very act of getting into motion, when—

"Hold, there! Stop!" was shouted, and the steaming horse of the robber reappeared at the coach door. The glass dropped, as if it knew the touch of his finger.

"You—boy! Where did you steal this?" he questioned, roughly, thrusting forward the snuff-box.

"I steal not!" said Arthur, indignantly. "Zey found it in——"

The robber seized the boy by the collar, and dragged him forward, so that the light of the coach-lamps fell full upon both their faces. The upper part of the robber's face was covered with a black silk mask.

"You are a thief, sir," he muttered. "I take you into my custody. Descend. Do you hear?"

Arthur was powerless in the man's gripe, and was obliged to obey.

"Drive on!" said the robber, levelling his pistol.

The coachman lashed his horses, and young Haggerdorn was left alone with his captor.

"Follow me, boy," said the latter, "and, if you can trust a robber's word, be sure you shall receive no injury. I must speak with you, and this is ticklish ground. Follow close."

He touched his horse with the spur, and sprang into the thicket, Arthur scrambling over the barrier as best he might. Threading the copse, they crossed a field or two, entered a green lane, thence passed into an orchard, and stopped before a decent cottage. Here the robber dismounted, and allowing his horse, which seemed perfectly at home, to seek his own place of concealment, conducted Arthur into the hut. A fire was smouldering on the hearth. The robber flung upon it a bundle of dried furze, producing a blaze which made the room as light as day.

"Now, answer truly, boy. Where did you get this box?"

Arthur replied that it had been found in a house in Jermyn-street, left there by nobody knew whom.

"You know. Speak, sir," said the robber, seizing him by both arms with a force which, though gently exerted, seemed to paralyse every nerve.

Arthur hesitated.

"I can guess," he said.

"Who?"

"Lord Lob."

"Lord Beelzebub! These are the arms of

—Who was your father, boy?"

"I never knew him."

"Your mother?"

"Dead."

The robber started.

"Dead!" (He drew his hand slowly across his brow.) "My boy, this was hers, your mother's and mine!"

"Yours!"

"I am Lord Lob, your brother."

Arthur turned white as ashes.

"And—and—ze murder?" he gasped.

"The marder, lad?" said Lord Lob, showing his white teeth. "Be more particular. Which murder? What affair concerned you?"

"I mean—in Jermyn-street—the——"

"Old Humpage? Ha!"

A light flashed across the casement. Next moment the door was dashed in, and the officer, Armour, followed by half a dozen others, flung himself boldly on the Black-Thumb.

Whether the latter was actually confounded by the sudden onslaught, or, at once comprehending the hopelessness of escape, purposely forbore resistance—certain it is he was secured without difficulty—after which, Armour, turning to Arthur and congratulating him on the safety of his person and property, requested him to accompany them to the house of the magistrate, a short distance off. The young man, feeling as though walking in a dream, assented, and, the little dwelling having undergone a rapid search, without producing anything of a suspicious nature, the party set forth.

CHAPTER X.

THE demeanour of Lord Lob was singular, and contributed in no small degree to the confusion of Arthur's brain. Since his capture, the robber had neither turned his eyes towards his brother, nor had he addressed a single syllable to him nor to any one else. Still preserving the same strange silence, he was placed before Mr. Thickles, the magistrate of Ingatestone, who had apparently sat up to that unwonted hour in the expectation of such a visitor. Several of the coach-passengers, and the guard, were already in attendance; and, so eager were these good folks in furthering the ends of justice, that Arthur's testimony was not, for the present, required. The examination ended with the committal of the prisoner on the charge of highway robbery, the magistrate intimating that, by express order from the government, he would not be sent to the county prison, but to London, there to answer charges of a more serious nature.

So effectually, in fact, was Lord Lob compromised in the eye of the law through many a previous exploit, that it was scarcely deemed necessary to take the usual measures for securing his conviction on this charge, and it was finally settled that all the outward-bound witnesses, with the exception of Arthur Haggerdorn, who evinced no kind of reluctance to remain, should be allowed to proceed on their voyage.

A chaise was then ordered, to convey the redoubted prisoner to town, and Arthur was about to follow the others from the room, when Armour touched his arm, and showed the snuff-box.

"Where did you tell me you got this, young gentleman?"

"I tell you not," replied Arthur, "but I do now." Miss Humpage gave it."

"Hah!" said Mr. Armour. "Yes? Good night, sir. . . . Meant *you* to be him, did she then, my pretty?" soliloquised the officer, with an odd confusion of persons. "Now who'd have thought it? Deep, deep!"

Arthur found a lodging in the little village inn; but to sleep was out of the question, and he passed the greater part of the cheerless night sitting with his head buried in his hands, a prey to that complete despondency which, in such natures, succeeds, on a sudden check, to the highest hope. His guiding star had fallen, and left him in darkness. Polly was lost to him. His own brother was probably her father's assassin. He himself might be called upon to take some share in the convicting testimony, and this officer would claim the rich reward.

Mr. Armour and Lord Lob rode together in the chaise, two of the former's satellites, well armed, seated on the box, and four others trotting merrily alongside. There was no apprehension of any attempt at rescue, and the worthy officer, who felt the continued silence act painfully upon his own exhilaration of spirit, did his utmost to cheer and lead his companion into discourse. The illustrious prisoner remained inscrutable. He replied, courteously indeed, but curtly, and neither smile nor retort rewarded Mr. Armour's exertions. The white fine face gazed millions of miles away, and the officer felt, with disgust, that he was no better company for his captive than an indifferently-trained baboon might have been for Socrates.

Moreover, as they drew near London in the early dawn, an expression passed at intervals over the robber's face, which went near to appal even Armour. Such a look it was that, in the case of a wretched woman condemned some years since to die for many murders, all but seared the watchers from her cell. Frightful throes of the awakened spirit, in its last despairing effort to pierce upward through the load of suffocating crime!

Sufficiently cognisant of the workings of the guilty mind to form some idea of what was passing in Lord Lob's, Armour resolved to make an attempt to turn it to account, and, accordingly, began in an easy tone:

"That was a nice May-game you played *me*, my lord, now wasn't it? But, bless my body, of all the queer matters you've put a hand to, that what d'ye call it—yonder—Jermyn-street way—was about the queerest! Whatever your folks wanted with that odd chap, bothers *me*; and I don't mind telling you, in confidence, it did bother *me*. We gave it up. Soon as we knew for certain 'twas a plant of yours, up we gave it! 'It's just one of his games,' says the governor, 'p'raps for fun.' But there's people that don't like mystery, and, I tell you what—no, I won't, for you seem out o' sorts, and I, ah, ah—" concluded Mr. Armour, with a yawn, and sinking back into his corner.

The prisoner turned, and looked at him with something of his old humorous expression.

"Out with it, Henry," he said.

"Come, that's better, my lord. *That's* what I like to see!" rejoined the officer. "You and me have jogged on together a good many years, comfortable, on different sides of the way to be sure. Now you win, now I. Lots of doubles you've run upon us, but we've got three-fifths of them originals you set up with, and now we've got *you*, so that's even."

"Not quite," said the prisoner.

"Now what's the use of your contesting that?" asked the officer, as if rather injured. "You might do a deal better than *that*. Ah, here we are in London. We shall soon shake hands, my lord—"

"Shall we? Then push on, Henry, my boy, with what you are dying to say."

"Well, here it is, my lord. You ain't a common cracksman," said the officer, deferentially; "I wouldn't be so rude as to say you was. Naturally, folks like to know something of your ways and workings, and what a man like you meant by such and such things, that seemed no particular good to anybody. There's nothing the public pays for more sweetly than curiosity. Bless you, they don't care *what* they pay to know why's why! Now you're booked, you'll have letters every day, perhaps bookys and billy-does, but all wanting to know about this, that, and t'other. You'll want a secretary, my lord!"

"Accept the post, my Henry," said Lord Lob, leaning back wearily.

"I can't, my lord; you've no confidence in me even now, when it don't signify this pinch of snuff," said the officer, drawing out the mysterious box, as if abstractedly. "Now, for example, this reminds me. Here's a business, which don't matter, for you're not going to be bothered about *that*. Yet the old man's daughter would give—I declare I don't know what that girl wouldn't give—to know what went of her father! But it's no manner of use your telling. A thousand pound, nor ten, would be no good to you."

"What does she offer?"

"As if you didn't know, my lord!" said the other, with affected disbelief.

"Suppose me ignorant, Henry. What does the young lady propose?"

"To marry the man who finds out who spirited away her father, alive or dead. And her fortune, which is her own, isn't less than one hundred thousand pounds," said Mr. Armour, almost solemnly. "Now, *there's* a chance in a poor fellow's way!"

There was a minute's profound silence. Then their eyes met. The prisoner made a slight movement that might be interrogative, with his head. Armour shook his.

"Can't do that, noways, my lord; but I'll tell you what, if there's anything or anybody you want looked to after—the—you know, I'll give you my bond for five thousand."

"I'll think of it," was the reply. After which

not another word was exchanged till the gloomy walls of Newgate received the illustrious prisoner.

CHAPTER XI.

ARTHUR returned to London within a few hours of his brother, but feeling utterly unable, under the changed circumstances, to face his former home, engaged a small lodging in Skinner-street, Snow-hill, and then (in accordance with directions he had received from the police) walked down to the prison, to communicate his address. Requested to walk into the governor's room, that functionary accosted him in a very civil tone.

"You are claimed, I understand, sir," he remarked, "by our latest arrival—a personage but too well known—as his near relation, though for many years a stranger. Is it so? Are you his brother?"

Arthur replied that he had, at present, no other testimony than the assertion of the person in question; but that he was well aware that his mother had had a son older than himself, of whose death she had never received assurance.

"Nature, at all events, throws in *her* evidence," said the governor, looking steadily at him. "I have seldom seen a more extraordinary resemblance."

Then adding that the prisoner had requested that his brother, and he only, might be admitted to his cell, he committed Arthur to the charge of a turnkey, and in another minute, in the strongest room in the prison, the two brothers stood, once more, face to face.

"Sit down, Arthur Haggerdorn, and make yourself comfortable," said Lord Lob, "and don't interrupt me, so long as you understand, for you speak an odd sort of lingo for a Briton. We are quite alone (no, that fellow's a dummy—stone-deaf)," glancing at a warder who sat in a corner of the cell. "So you needn't sing out if I own that I am the greatest miscreant that ever scourged mankind. If I could only tell how, when, and why, I embraced scoundrelism as a profession, it might be useful; but I can't. I was flung into the world, a little lump of iniquity, and my soul was never scraped from its beginning. There's a crack in the crust, now, or *you* wouldn't be here to peep into it, take your oath of that! Our father, Lord Hawkweed, was a scoundrel (I beg the peerage's pardon), a scoundrel, I remark, a poltroon, and, I hope, for his own sake, a madman too. He gave me bread, that's true—not much, even of that—he cheated my mother—*our* mother, with a mock-marriage (you've no chance of the coronet, my boy!)—deserted her; very likely broke her heart. How the devil, with such a fellow's blood in your veins, *you* ever esc—I forgot our mother, child," added the robber, almost apologetically, as he half-extended his hand, then instantly withdrew it. "But time presses; this is not what I want to say. You're in love, boy. That's enough. Don't answer. In love with Miss Jermyn-street—what's her name?—

Miss Humpage, who considers me the murderer of her substantial sire, and has commissioned you to track me out, as the price of her hand. She gave you that snuff-box as a talisman, thinking, I suppose, that it would leap from your pocket at the owner's approach! How did she know that box belonged to my mother?"

"She did not know that, nor even *I* that," said Arthur. "My mother must have concealed ze box, of purpose. Armour, ze officer, said it had been yours."

"Not *mine*. My father's," said the robber. "However, boy, it seems you've caught me. And *now*?"

Arthur gazed wistfully at his brother, but made no reply.

"Tell her," resumed the latter, speaking slowly, "tell her—I am sorry to disappoint you—sorry, too, for my own reputation, for, by the blood of all the Hawkweeds that ever poisoned air, it was as clever a thing as I can remember; but, Arthur, boy, your own hand is not clearer of that old man's blood than mine."

"God be praised!" said Arthur, fervently.

"That's kind, at least, since it may cost you your bride!" remarked Lord Lob. "I owe you something in return, my boy. Stay a moment; let me think." (He paused for a minute.) "If this Jermyn-street affair were the work of any London hand, I *must* have known who was in it. No; 'tis impossible. Now, there's a tidy knot of Halifax boys—'tis much their style of work—pluck, and finish. But, then, Caunter would have been down on his old pals: *that* won't do. Jilling George, of Liverpool? Just the cull. Exactly the kind of fancy-business he takes to. It's some foreign game, Arthur, rely upon it. Now, my friend, Jilling George jabbars Dutch and French like a magpie; there must have been much to arrange; they could have gone to nobody but him. 'Twas Jilling George, or nobody. . . . Be off now, boy, and come to me to-morrow, at noon."

He made so imperative a gesture, that Arthur was fain to obey without a word; and returned, sadly enough, to his humble lodging.

News at that period was neither swift nor sure. Nevertheless, the inhabitants of twenty-seven, Jermyn-street, were still at breakfast, when a rumour, dating from the delivery of the milk, began to circulate in the house that the past night had been signalised by an important capture—no less than the redoubted chieftain of the Black-Thumbs—while the apparition of Mistress Ascroft at her window, making wild and agitated but unintelligible signs, gave a sort of colour to the further report that the Harwich road had been the scene of, and the extra post-coach a sharer in, the adventure.

Presently arrived Mr. Hartshorne, in high excitement. Yes. It was true. The coach had been stopped and plundered, the guard having been first disarmed. Nothing could exceed the cowardice of the passengers, male and female, who, at sight of the black thumb, permitted

themselves to be stripped like lambs, until one of the party (a very young man, who had hitherto been unable to disengage his arms from his roquelaure) leaped from the carriage, flung himself upon the assailant, and, though dragged through a hedge and several fields, succeeded at length in mastering his antagonist, and delivering him up to a mounted patrol, who most opportunely made his appearance.

Great as was the difficulty of identifying this intrepid champion with the slight and delicate young artist, love might have overcome the obstacle, had not the arrival of more authentic tidings saved him the trouble. A note from Sir James Polhill, without especially mentioning Armour, announced the capture of the noted robber by a party of police, detached with that express design.

Then passed a long and anxious morning, unrelieved by further news, Polly wandering about, utterly unable to devote her thoughts to any of her usual occupations. What was to be the result? Was Lord Lob in reality the guilty person? Hopeless as was the unfortunate man's situation, would he not surely confess? The conviction of the authorities that the outrage was of this man's contriving was strong as ever, and Polly herself had learned to regard it as a fact. The vengeance she had invoked was about to descend. Her father's death would be expiated. And, then—the reward? . . .

Later that day, the prisoner requested an interview with his captor.

Mr. Armour, who had taken care to be within easy call, hastened to the prisoner.

"Henry, you're an ass," was Lord Lob's greeting. "It won't do. Stick, my boy, to the shop. You understand me perfectly, and you'll take my advice, Henry, because you can't help it. I entertain for you (it grieves me to think you won't believe it) a sincere professional regard. Had partial fortune placed you in my gang, you would shortly have been a man, sir, equal to myself—nobility excepted—in every quality that commands the respect and obedience of energetic practitioners in the higher walks of that art which gives you and your fellows bread. You might have bequeathed a reputation. But why dwell upon lost opportunities? As I was saying, I like you, and I don't mind putting a tolerable thing in your way, though not precisely what my worthy Henry—misled by a low but pardonable ambition—proposed to himself. Hear, then, my friend. We Black-Thumbs knew nothing of the Humpage plant. It was a foreign seed, sown, impudently enough, in my parterre. You wronged us, Henry—but the injury is lost in the compliment—for, by my coronet, 'twas a masterly thing! Now, sir, I can put this black thumb upon the man who did it, and I *will*."

Armour's eyes glistened, and he had some difficulty in concealing his satisfaction; but, aware that Lord Lob, when in a talking mood, especially disliked interruption, discreetly held his peace.

"*This, Henry,*" resumed his lordship, "is the business. I will point out the individual I speak of, to—to the Honourable Arthur Haggerdorn, second son of the Earl of Hawkweed, brother, that is, to your humble servant. The young dog, forgetful of his noble blood, has fallen in love with the plebeian heiress of this Humpage. He must marry her, good Henry, not *you*, do you see? The hopes of Hawkweed centre in him, and they are of greater import than the promotion of a jolly redbreast like thee. Besides, Henry, you know too much of rascal ways. Once admitted among the swells, not a man of them would be safe. But, mark me, on the day the Honourable Arthur Haggerdorn marries Miss What-you-may-call-it Humpage, Henricus Armorius pockets five thousand pounds. Is it a bargain? If so, thy fist, Henry! If not, go thy ways, and say—say truly—that thou hast heard the last accents from the lip of Lob."

Henry knew well enough that, spite of the affected bombast, the robber was in earnest. The fist was given.

"Imprimis (that is, Henry, in the first place), a pass for Bob Caunter. Let him be with me this evening," resumed the prisoner.

"Why, you know it's impossible, my lord," cried Armour, really surprised. "He's wanted over, and over, and over again, is Bob."

"Let the want stand 'over.' I want him, and must have him. Get the pass."

"Supposing I did, he wouldn't come," replied the officer, reluctantly.

"Try him," said Lord Lob.

And the interview concluded.

The prisoner was right. Sir James Polhill, on learning the substance of this conversation (bar that portion relating to finance), readily conceded the pass. Mr. Caunter, communicated with through a friendly channel, was speedily unearthed, disguised, and admitted within those walls it had been the business of his life (after crime) to avoid. It was curious to see this miscreant, "clothed on" with his one virtue, fidelity, entering the tomb-like prison with the step of a prince, and standing before his doomed captain without a shade of emotion, save that which had its source in the latter's "misfortune."

The conversation, conducted in the thieves' tongue, was brief and pithy, and may be concisely rendered somewhat as follows:

"Blubbering, old boy?" said my lord.

"(Do a variety of things to) my eyes if I know what's come to 'em!" replied Mr. Caunter, affecting a delicate surprise. "But this ain't a good thing to see."

"My love to the lads. Bid them take warning. Cut the road. It's low and bad. I always said so, and what on earth prompted me to that high toby touch, last night, top me if I can say! I could almost feel a hand on my prad's bridle, dragging him on. No matter. Jilling George of Liverpool."

"What of he?"

"Wanted."

"Is he to go?"

"Yes, he is. Had a good spell."

"That's true, but——"

"But what?"

"'Tis the first time—ever—you—we——"

"Split. I know it," said his leader, fiercely. "Bob, he did me an ill turn once. Besides, I'm insulted. That fellow did the neatest thing of the day, here, under our very noses, and without a 'by your leave, my lord.' It has been the business of my life to unite the recognised courtesies of refined society with the sterner exigencies of our profession. You don't understand, my Bob. To put it simply: should we have cracked a Liverpool crib without a word to Jilling George? Bob, he goes. Tip the office."

"Very good," said Mr. Caunter, perfectly resigned to his comrade's fate. "What was it you said he's wanted about?"

"Thing in Jermyn-street, Humpage. Go you to my brother, here's the address. Put him on the trail. If he finds the man, he marries the heiress. He'll reward."

"Hallo, stop. He'd no hand in it."

"Who?" demanded Lord Lob.

"Jilling George."

"Psha, 'tis no one else."

"Just what I was going to say."

"What?"

"'Tisn't nobody else."

"Neither George, nor nobody else? You don't mean, that——"

"Yes, I do."

The two robbers looked at each other for a moment, then burst into a fit of laughter that almost infected the deaf "dubsman."

"Since when have you known this, Bob?" asked Lord Lob.

"Week past."

"Can you put your hand upon him?"

"Know the doss-ken" (lodging).

"All right. Go to my brother, tell him everything, as you would to me, and say I bade you trust him for reward—and—and good-by, Bob, my boy."

"O captain, here's a——" began Bob, relapsing into tenderness.

"Vamoos, boy," said Lord Lob, hastily. "The dubsman's scran's coming. Remember, your captain was neither buzz-gloak, chaunter-cull, nor sneaksman, never foxed, nor mooched, fit cocum, nor faked a fadge, nor will he be at last lagged for a ramp! The worst the patterer round the government sign-post can say, will be that Lord Lob was a leary gloak, and even that his noble blood demanded. Wherefore, Robert, stow whids, tip the jigger-dubber a tusheroon, clinch daddles, and bing awast, my ben cull."

Translated from what may be called (at that period) the language of Tyburnia into modern Belgravian, the chieftain's farewell might be rendered thus:

"You may retire, my friend. The turnkey's evening meal is about to arrive. Recollect that your leader was neither an appropriator of loose

cash, a writer of libellous and immoral songs, nor a petty, cowardly shoplifter. He never swindled, nor sponged upon his neighbours, fought backwardly, nor filched a farthing. The worst those street biographers, who throng about the gallows, can say, will be, that Lord Lob was a remarkably well-dressed individual, a circumstance perfectly consonant with his high birth. Wherefore, Robert, talk no more, hand the turnkey a crown, shake hands, and begone, my good fellow."

POPULAR NAMES OF BRITISH PLANTS.

"A NAME," according to Mr. John Stuart Mill, "is a word (or set of words) serving the double purpose of a mark to recall to ourselves the likeness of a former thought, and a sign to make it known to others." When the student of words arrives at the origin and meaning of a word, he finds a picture presented to his mind. This picture is the likeness of the thought or thing recalled or made known. Linnæus summed up the universe into three kinds of names of things—minerals, plants, and animals—and as these last have the quality of life in common, everything may be included under the words Stars and Lives; and the languages or words of mankind are marks and signs of their growing knowledge of the universe. Knowing and naming have gone on together from the origin of mankind to the present time—from the first man who spoke of the sun to the first man who made a sun picture. Names, then, are images of the thoughts, fossils of the theories, and medals of the history of mankind. In names are to be found traces of beliefs, feelings, suggestions, associations, occurrences, whims, fancies, jokes—of every sort of thing of which the mind is conscious in itself, and all it perceives beyond it. Man, the animal who has language, leaves in words the rich legacy of all his acquisitions of knowledge. The most ingenious researches have failed in ascertaining anything reliable respecting the antiquity of man, and the study of the relics of ancient life has not yet discovered any milestones measuring distance along the eternal road of time, but the study of language is revealing to men of the latter half of the nineteenth century many things respecting the men of primeval times whose bones became gases thousands of years ago. The study of the names of plants, for instance, tells us what men knew and thought of them; where they saw them, or whence they obtained them. When studying the popular names of British plants, the darkness of the past is not cleared up, the shades of our forefathers are not made vivid as living forms; but trees and shrubs, flowers and fruits, become luminous, emitting glimmering lights, affording traces of the wanderings and glimpses into the minds of our forefathers, from recent back to the most ancient times, or from the Victorian era to the departure from the Asian Eden.

Dr. Prior, by his new, valuable, and learned work on the Popular Names of British Plants, has made this study comparatively easy. Several plants are named from the earth itself—earth-balls, earth-gall, earth-moss, and earth-smoke. The word earth, from a verb signifying to sow or till, designates the soil which was penetrated, ploughed, or laboured, and can be traced in the languages of the most ancient nations. Ar is the root of words signifying labour in the Greek, Latin, German, and Anglo-Saxon languages. Long before the Germanic separated from the other races of men, the roots of whose words are to be found in the Indian Vedas, the soil bore a name implying the labours or tillage of agriculture. Earth-balls is the English name of tuber cibarium, called by the French truffes, and by the Italians tuffola, from the Latin terræ tuber, the name which Pliny gives it. The instinct by which the pigs discover these tubers, even when deep in the ground, is one of the most marvellous of animal instincts. Certain plants of the gentian tribe are called earth-galls, from their bitterness, gal or gealle, whence the participle galling, being Frisian and Anglo-Saxon for disagreeable or nauseous. Earth-smoke is a translation of the Latin fumus terræ, a name which has been vulgarised into fumitory. This plant was long believed by the ancient botanists to be produced by spontaneous generation without seed, and from vapours rising out of the earth. The "Grete Herball" says, "It is called fume or smoke of the earth, because it is engendered of coarse fumositie rysing from the earth, and because it cometh out of the earthe in great quantite lyke smoke, thys grosse or coarse fumositie of the earth wyndeth and wryeth out, and by working of the ayre and sunne tourneth in too this herbe." The theory, or rather the hypothesis of spontaneous generation, has still advocates among learned men, and under the name of Heterogenia is said to be the mode of reproduction of certain microscopical plants and animals, whose seeds or eggs are not yet known.

Mother of time (Thymus serpyllum), motherwort (Leonurus cardiaca), are names derived from the Anglo-Saxon term moder, which is one of a group of words indicating the family relations clearly traceable to the primeval stock of the human species. Bopp considers it to be equivalent to the German messen, measure; and Schweitzer regards it as the root of the Sanscrit matr, creator. The plants were deemed useful to mothers. The names of the plants prescribed to maidens throw an interesting light upon the ancient treatment of the diseases of women, Maithes or maghet (Pyrethrum parthenium), red mayde-weed (Adonis autumnalis), maudlin-wort or moon-daisy (Chrysanthemum Leucanthemum), mather (Anthemis cotula). In Essex and Norfolk a grown girl is still called a "mauther." Hence the old saying,

A sling for a mather, a bow for a boy.

The moon-daisy is a flower like a large daisy,

and resembling the pictures of the full moon. The periods of the moon were the first measures of time. The Persian "mah," the Latin mensis, and the English month, with similar words in many other languages, are all traceable to a root "ma," signifying a measure; and hence the dedication of the maudlin-wort or moon-daisy to Diana, the patroness of young women.

When the word "lady" occurs in plant names it sometimes alludes to the Virgin Mary, and in Puritan times it was changed into Venus; for example: Our Lady's comb became Venus's comb Galium verum, or G. mollugo, is called Our Lady's bed-straw, from its soft, pluffy, flocculent stems and golden flowers. The name may allude more particularly to the Virgin Mary having given birth to her son in a stable, with nothing but wild flowers for her bedding. Clematis vitalba, commonly called traveller's joy, from the shade and shelter it affords to weary wayfarers, is also called Lady's bower, from "its aptness in making arbours, bowers, and shady covertures in gardens." Statice armeria, the clustered pink, which is called thrift, from the past participle of the verb thrive or thrive, is, on account of its close cushion-like growth, called Lady's cushion. Scandix pecten Veneris is called Lady's comb, the beaks of the seed vessels resembling the teeth of a comb; Alchemilla vulgaris is named Lady's mantle, from the shape and vandyked edge of the leaf; and Campanula hybrida, from the resemblance of its expanded flower set on its elongated ovary to an ancient metallic mirror on its straight handle, is the Lady's looking-glass. Two plants with soft inflated calyces (Anthyllis vulneraria and Digitalis purpurea) are Lady's fingers, and Neottia spiralis, with its flower spikes rising above each other like braided hair, is Lady's tresses. Dodder (cuscuta), from its string-like stems, is called Lady's laces; and Digraphis arundinacea, from the ribbon-like striped leaves, Lady's garters. In Wiltshire, Convolvulus sepium is called Lady's nightcap. Cypripedium calceolus, from the shape of its flower, is called Lady's slipper; and Cardamine pratensis, from the shape of its flowers, like little smocks hung out to dry, is the Lady's smock all silver white of Shakespeare. Lady's thimble is a name of the blue or hare bell (Campanula rotundifolia), and witch's thimble is common to this blue flower and the white Silene maritima, or sea campion. Carduus marianus is the Lady's thistle, the blessed milk thistle, whose green leaves have been spotted white ever since the milk of the Virgin fell upon it when she was nursing Jesus, and endowed it with miraculous virtues.

Of an exactly opposite character is Devil's milk, a name given by our forefathers to the Euphorbia, from its white acid poisonous milk. While the beaks of the seed vessels of Scandix pecten cause it to be called Venus's comb, the long awns are called Devil's darning-needles. Nigella corniculata has horned capsules peer-

ing from a bush of finely divided involucre, and has therefore been called Devil in the bush. *Scabiosa succisa* is Devil's bit; *Morsus diaboli*, so called, says the *Ortus Sanitatis*, on the authority of Oribasius, "because with this root the devil practised such power that the mother of God, out of compassion, took from the devil the means to do so with it any more; and in the great vexation that he had that the power was gone from him, he bit it off, so that it grows no more to this day." Later authors explain it as though the root would cure all diseases, and that the devil, out of his inveterate malice, grudges mankind such a valuable medicine, and bites it off.

Not merely have the Devil, Venus, and the Virgin supplied names to plants, but angels and saints have connected themselves with botanical pursuits. Archangel is a name given to one umbelliferous and three labiate plants. An angel is said to have revealed the virtues of the plants in a dream. The umbelliferous plant, it has been supposed, has been named *Angelica Archangelica*, from its being in blossom on the 8th of May, old style, the Archangel St. Michael's day. Flowering on the fête day of such a powerful angel, the plant was supposed to be particularly useful as a preservative of men and women from evil spirits and witches, and of cattle from elfshot.

Three plants are called Herb Bennett, *Herba benedicta*, Blessed herb, avens, hemlock, and valerian. Valerian is a preservative against all poisons. Serpents fly from the leaves of hemlock, because they chill to death. Avens (*Geum urbanum*) is a plant so blessed that if a man carries the root about him no venomous beast can harm him; indeed, when it is growing in a garden no venomous beast will approach within scent of it; and, according to the author of the *Ortus*, "where the root is in a house, the devil can do nothing, and flies from it, wherefore it is blessed above all other herbs." *Viola tricolor*, having three colours on one flower, is called Herb Trinity. The Daisy, as Herb Margaret, is dedicated to "Margaret that was so meek and mild;" probably from its blossoming about her day, the twenty-second of February. The cowslip is dedicated to St. Peter, as Herb Peter of the old herbals, from some resemblance which it has to his emblem—a bunch of keys. *Nigella damascena*, whose persistent styles spread out like the spokes of a wheel, is named Katharine's flower, after St. Katharine, who suffered martyrdom on a wheel. *Bunium flexuosum* is St. Anthony's nut—a pig-nut—because he is the patron of pigs; and *Senecio Jacobææ* is St. James's wort, the saint of horses and colts, being used in veterinary practice. Most of these saintly names were, however, given to the plants because their day of flowering is connected with the feast day of the saint. Hence *Hypericum quadrangulare* is the St. Peter's wort of the modern floras, from its flowering on the twenty-ninth of June; *Hypericum perforatum* is St.

John's wort, being gathered to scare away demons on St. John's eve; *Barbarea vulgaris*, growing in the winter, is St. Barbara's cross, her day being the fourth of December, old style; and *Centaurea solstitialis* derives its specific Latin, and its popular name, St. Barnaby's thistle, from its flourishing on the longest day, the eleventh of June, old style, which is now the twenty-second. As Anthony was the patron of pigs, and James of horses, St. Peter was the patron of fishermen, and hence *Crithmum maritimum*, which grows on sea-cliffs, was dedicated to this saint, and called in Italian *San Pietro*; in French *Saint Pierre*; and in English *Samphire*.

The common snowdrops are called Fair maids of February. This name also, like the Saints' names, arises from an ecclesiastical coincidence. Their white flowers blossom about the second of February, when maidens, dressed in white, walked in procession at the Feast of the Purification. The name snowdrop, means a snowy drop, and not a drop of snow. There is a plant which has been recently called the snow-flake (*Leucojum aestivum*), to distinguish it from the snow-drop (*Galanthus nivalis*). Mrs. Barbauld describes the snowy drop by saying,

As if Flora's breath by some transforming power,
Had changed an icicle into a flower.

The term drop does not, however, refer to icicles, but to the pendants or drops worn by ladies of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in their earrings and brooches, and often painted in Dutch and Italian portraits.

Tragopogon pratensis is called Go-to-bed-at-noon, because it closes early, and Joseph's flower, in allusion to his history. The legends differing respecting the tree on which Judas hanged himself, *Cercis* is called Judas-tree, and yet a fungus resembling a human ear is called Jew's ear, because it grows on the elder, the other tree mentioned in the legends. *Coix lacryma* was formerly called Juno's tears, but it is now called Job's tears; and the vervain (*Verbena officinalis*) is named Juno's tears, although it has nothing about it resembling a tear; vervain is also called Mercury's moist blood. Houseleek (*Sempervivum tectorum*) is named Jupiter's beard, in French *Joubarb*, and in Latin *Jovis barba*, from its resemblance to the sculptured beard of Jupiter. *Campanula urticifolia* is called Mercury's violet. A poisonous weed is called Mercury (*M. perennis*), either because it operates quickly, or from its having been discovered by the god. By some blunder an insignificant weed, *Ciræa Lutetiana*, is indicated as enchanter's nightshade, instead of *Atropa mandragora*, or mandrake. The mandrake was called nightshade from being classed with the solanæ and enchanter's, after the enchantress Circe, who bewitched the companions of Ulysses with it. The only modern personage whose name occurs along with the names of gods and saints in botanical nomenclature, is Charle-

magne. "A horrible pestilence," says Tabernemontanus, "broke out in his army, and carried off many thousand men, which greatly troubled the pious emperor. Wherefore he prayed earnestly to God, and in his sleep there appeared unto him an angel, who shot an arrow from a cross-bow, telling him to mark the plant upon which it fell, for that with that plant he might cure the army of the pestilence. And so it really happened." The plant upon which the angelic arrow fell was the Carline thistle—*Carlina vulgaris*.

The anemone grew from the tears of Venus, and the rose from the blood of Adonis.

But oh the Cytherean! slain and dead,

The fair Adonis slain!

Her tears as plenteous as the blood he shed,

She pours amain;

And flowers are born from every drop that flows,
From tears the Anemone, from blood the Rose.

The name Rose comes from a Sanscrit word, signifying red. The anemone or wind flower is described as a very fugacious flower. Does the myth whisper that the tears of Venus are soon blown away?

Animals share the names of plants with emperors, saints, and gods. Adder's-tongue (*Ophioglossum vulgatum*) and adderwort (*Polygonum bistorta*) derive these names from some resemblance between the spike of capsules of the one, and the writhed roots of the other to the tongue and form of the adder, that is, eddree, burner, or poisoner. From the shape of its leaf, *Tussilago farfara* is called ass's, bull's, or colt's-foot. Bear-berry (*Arbutus uva ursi*) is a favourite food of bears; bear's-ears (*Primula auricula*) has a leaf like the ear of the animal; of bear's-foot (*Helleborus fetidus*) the resemblance is also to the leaf; whilst bears' garlic (*Allium ursinum*) is so called because the bears delight in it. Bees are supposed to be fond of the flowers of the plant with nettle-like leaves called bee-nettle (*Galeopsis tetrahit*); the flower of bee orchis (*Ophrys apifera*), resembles a flower-bee; and bee's nest (*Daucus carota*) is so named from its compact inflorescence. *Sedum acre*, blossoming when the young birds are hatching, is called birds' bread; from the shape of its leaf, *Polygonum aviculare* is named bird's-tongue; *Ornithopus perpusillus*, having claw-like legumes, is bird's-foot; and *Veronica chamædrys*, from its bright blue flowers, is called bird's-eyes. *Plantago coronopus* is called buck's-horn, on account of its forked leaves. *Anchusa officinalis*, having leaves like the tongue of an ox, is called bugloss. The seed vessel of snapdragon (*Antirrhinum majus*), bearing an extraordinary likeness to a calf's skull, is called calf's-snout. The pith of *Juncus acutus* being used to make rushlights, it is called candlerush. *Phleum pratense*, from its cylindrical panicle, and *Typha latifolia*, from its long furry catkins, are both called cat's-tail; and its juice causes *Euphorbia helioscopia* to be named cat's-milk; while *Nepeta cataria* is called

cat-mint, because the old herbalists said cats were very much delighted with the smell, touch, and taste of it. Three different plants are called cock's-comb. Cow-cress and cow-wheat are coarse cress and wheat. The ancient word cow refers to the use of the animal as a beast of draught or burden, and in none of the Indo-European languages does the name point to an animal yielding milk. The very ancient and universal word daughter means a milker, but the animal milked was most probably the goat. *Cicuta virosa* is called cowbane, from its supposed effect on cows. Crowflower and crowfoot are names given to several species of *Ranunculaceæ*, from the likeness of the leaf to the foot of a crow, and a blackberry (*Empetrum nigrum*) is called crowberry. Cuckoo bread, cuckoo gilliflower, and cuckoo grass (*Oxalis acetosella*), *Lychnis flos cuculi*, and *Luzula campestris*, blossom at the time of the cuckoo's song. A plant with slender stems like coarse hair (*Scirpus cæspitosus*) is called deer's-hair; deer being a word which originally meant any wild beast, even mice. Dog, applied to a plant as to a man, implies contempt. *Geranium columbinum* has a leaf described by its popular name, dove's-foot. The fly Orchis has a flower like a fly; and goose and goslings, *Orchis morio* (or *bifolia*) has flowers shaped like little goslings. *Sonchus oleraceus* is called hare's lettuce and hare's palace, because it was believed that the hare derives shelter from it, and "yf a hare eate of his herb," said Anthony Askham, "in somer, when he is mad, he shal be hole." *Hieracium* is named hawkweed, from an ancient notion that hawks cleared their eyes with it. Like dog, the word horse means coarse in the composition of plant names. The projecting nectary of *Delphinium* causes it to be called larkspur. Mouse-ear and mouse-tail are terms applied to several plants on account of resemblances to their leaves or seed spikes. The great daisy is called ox-eye, and other plants ox-heel, ox-lip, and ox-tongue.

Unwholesome fungi are called toadstools or paddock stools. In Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar* the following couplet occurs:

The griesly todestool grown there mought I see,
And loathed paddocks lording on the same.

Quaad-pogge is the Frisian name of the toad; and the word toad it has been supposed was derived from quaad, by changing the initial qu into t, the process by which quicken became twinkle, and quirl twirl. Quaad means spiteful. Paddock is the diminutive of pad, padde, pogge, puck, an evil spirit, Satan having taken the form of a toad. Puck is the king of the fairies. Puck fists (*Lycopodium*) and pixie stools (*Agaricus chanterellus*) are said to be the work of elves,

whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms.

The notion of a toad being a spiteful sprite, making and sitting upon stools, did not prevent

the decrepit-looking animal from being made fun of, as in the nursery rhyme—"A puddly would a wooing go."

In the names of plants, the name of an animal joined to the word foot, snout, tongue, bill, eye, or tail, generally points to a real or supposed resemblance; and the term bane means a bad, while the term wort implies a good, quality. But the bad and good qualities, like the likenesses, have often only an imaginary existence; for flea-bane does not destroy fleas, and swallow-wort cannot restore the sight of swallows. *Svale* is the Danish word for eaves, the penthouse, or lean-to, surrounding farm-houses; the swallow is, therefore, the eavesbird, from *svale* and *wi*, the Sanscrit root of the Latin *avis*, a bird. Many plants have been called swallow-worts from their blossoming about the time of the arrival of the swallows, but the swallow-wort proper is *Cheledonium majus*, with which, according to Aristotle and Dioscorides, the swallows can restore the eyes of their young ones, even after they have been put out!

Superstitions, resemblances, qualities, and coincidences having their share in the names of plants, of course the passions must mingle in the work, and especially the greatest of them all, Love. *Artemis*, one of the names of *Diana*, gives its classical name to *Artemisia abrotanum*, a plant which is called southernwood, because it comes from the south; Old man, from its hoary appearance and tonic qualities; and Boy or lad's love, from its being worn in posies by young men, and perhaps because its leaves wither rapidly. *Viola tricolor* rivals the ground-ivy in the number of its quaint names and curious sobriquets. In French it is called *pensées*, *mênes pensées*, whence the English names *pansy* or *paunce*, idle thoughts. Combining three colours in one flower, it is called *Herb Trinity*, and "Three faces under one hood." Hanging its head and half hiding its face coquettishly, and from some resemblances in the corolla, it has been supposed to say, "Jump up and kiss me;" "Kiss me at the garden-gate;" "Cuddle me to you." It has, besides, other amatory names, such as "Love in idleness;" "Tittle my fancy;" "Pink of my John." *Viola tricolor* is also called heart's-ease, from being confounded with plants yielding seeds of cardiac qualities. Much confusion has arisen from the vague and fluctuating use of the French names *Giroflée*, *Oeillet*, and *Violette*. They were once all three applied to flowers of the pink tribe, but now *Giroflée* has passed over to the *Crucifers* and become *gilliflower* (*Dianthus caryophyllus*); *Oeillet* has been restricted to the Sweet William; and *Violette* has been appropriated to the genus to which the pansy belongs. English young ladies sometimes send pansies in their letters to their lovers, when suffering from absence or parental rebuffs. I have known botanists learned in structural and systematic plant-lore, who did not understand the amorous challenge conveyed to them by post in the mo-

dest form of a few pansies enclosed in an envelope.

Sedum telephium is called *Livelong* or *Liblong*, and *Midsummer men*, in reference to a use made of it on *Midsummer's-eve*. A young girl will set up two plants of it upon a plate or trencher, one for herself, and another for her lover. If the botanical representative of her lover lives and turns to her, she concludes that her lover will be faithful and constant, and the contrary if it withers or turns from her plant—a mode of divining the future which is founded on ignorance of the fact that the growth of plants is towards the light.

The forget-me-not is a name which has, like the pansy, been applied to a variety of plants. For more than two hundred years it was given in England, France, and the Netherlands, to the ground pine, *Ajuga chamæpitys*. From the middle of the fifteenth century until 1821, this plant was in all the botanical books called forget-me-not, on account of the nauseous taste which it leaves in the mouth. Some of the old German botanists gave the name *Vergiss mein nicht* to the *Chamædrys vera* *fœmina*, or *Teucrium botrys*. *Forglemn mig icke*, the corresponding Danish name, was given to the *Veronica chamædrys*. This plant was in English called the "speedwell," from its blossoms falling off and flying away, and "speedwell" being an old form of leave-taking, equivalent to "farewell" or "good-by." The ancient English name of the *Mysotis palustris* was mouse-ear-scorpion-grass; the phrase mouse-ear describing the small oval leaves, and the epithet scorpion the curve of the one-sided raceme, like the scorpion's tail. In the days of chivalry, a plant which has not been ascertained, was called "*Souveigne vous de moy*," and woven into collars. In 1465 one of these collars was the prize of a famous joust, fought between a French and an English knight. Certain German botanists, as far back as the sixteenth century, seem, however, to have given the name forget-me-not to the *Mysotis palustris*; and borne on the wings of the poetic legend of a lover losing his life while gathering a pretty river-side flower for his sweetheart, and throwing it to her, crying, "Forget me not!" with his last drowning breath, this name is now inseparably connected with the flower; and certainly, the lovers are more pleasantly associated with it than the mouse's ear and the scorpion's tail.

Galium aparine is called *Loveman* because it catches hold of people. It is perhaps of *Climatis vitalba* that Parkinson says, "the gentlewomen call it Love, from its habit of embracing." *Nigella damascena*, or fennel flower, whose flower is enveloped in a dense entanglement of finely divided bracts, is called "Love in a Mist," or Love in a Puzzle. This flower might be used as an emblem of a different phase of the course of true love from those indicated by the pansy and the forget-me-not. Love lies bleeding (*Amaranthus caudatus*) has a flower spike resembling a stream of blood, but the name has outlived its legend.

Trulove (*Paris quadrifolia*) has its four leaves set together in the form of a truelove or engaged lovers' knot. These knots are seen on quarterings of the wife's with the husband's arms.

PINCHER ASTRAY.

HE was not handsome: at least in the common acceptance of the term. He had a speckly muzzle and a hanging jowl, and rather watery eyes, and short crop ears. His legs were horribly bowed, and his tail curled over his back, like the end of a figure of nine. He was a morose beast, and of most uncertain temper. He would rush out to a stranger at the gate with every demonstration of welcome, would leap up and bark round him, and then would run behind and bite him in the calves. He was the terror of the tradespeople: he loathed the butcher; he had a deadly hatred for the fishmonger's boy; and, when I complained to the post-office of the non-receipt in due course of a letter from my aunt's legal adviser advising me to repair at once to the old lady's death-bed (owing to which non-receipt I was cut out of my aunt's will), I was answered that "the savage character of my dog—a circumstance with which the department could not interfere—prevented the letter-carrier from the due performance of his functions after night-fall." Still I loved Pincher—still I love him! What though my trousers-ends were frayed into hanging strips by his teeth; what though my slippers are a mass of chewed pulp; what though he has towzled all the corners of the manuscript of my work on Logarithms—shall I reproach him now that he is lost to me? Never!

I saw him last, three mornings ago, leisurely straying round the garden with the strap of the baby's shoe hanging out of his mouth, and with a knowing wag of his tail, as much as to show me how he was enjoying himself. I remonstrated with him on the shoe question, and he seemed somewhat touched for a moment; but suddenly catching sight of a predatory cat on the wall, he galloped off without further parley. I watched the cat scuttle up a tree; I heard Pincher growling angrily at its base; the noise of the milkman's boots scrunching the gravel attracted his attention. He darted off, and was lost to me for ever. There was a fiendish grin on the housemaid's face when she announced to me that Pincher wasn't nowhere to be found. Visions of henceforth unworried stocking-heels, unsnapped-at ankles, rose before that damsel's mind as she broke the news; and she smiled as she said they'd looked everywhere they had, and nothin' wasn't to be seen. I was not crushed by the intelligence. I knew my dog's extensive visiting-list, and thought that finding he had overstayed his time, he had probably accepted the friendly hospitality of half a kennel, and was then engaged in baying the moon, and conducting to the sleeplessness of a neighbourhood unaccustomed to his vocal powers. But, as I lay in bed in the morning, I missed the various little dramas—the principal characters played

by Pincher and the tradespeople—of which I had long been the silent audience. The butcher's boy—a fierce and beefy youth, who openly defied the dog, and waved him off with hurlings of his basket and threatenings of his feet, accompanied by growls of "Git out, yer beast!"—now entered silently; the baker's apprentice, a mild and farinaceous lad—who proffered to Pincher the raspings of black loaves, and usually endeavoured to propitiate his enemy by addressing him as "Poor fellow!"—now entered silently; the fishmonger—who generally made one wild scuttle from the garden-gate to the kitchen-entrance, and upon whose track Pincher usually hung as the wolves hung upon Mazeppa's—now walked slowly up the path, and whistled. Then I knew that Pincher was gone indeed!

I engaged the services of an unintelligible crier, and had a description of my dog belloyed round the neighbourhood. I brought the printing art into play, to portray Pincher's various attributes, and all the palings and posts within the circle of two miles burst out with an eruption of placards, of which the words "Lost" and "Dog" were, without the aid of a powerful microscope, the only legible portion. I concocted an advertisement for the *Times* newspaper. I patiently waited the result of these various schemes. They had results, I allow. I received at least twenty letters from sympathising persons, who stated that in the event of not recovering my lost favourite, they were in a position to provide another in his place. I suppose that on the evening of the day on which the *Times* issued the advertisement, at least five-and-twenty pairs of boots had printed themselves off on my dining-room drugget, which, being red in colour and fluffy in texture, is singularly capable of retaining a clear impression. The boots, in every instance, belonged to short-haired stably gentlemen in large white overcoats, from the inner pockets of which they produced specimens of dogs—ugly and morose indeed, but none of them my Pincher.

I need not say that my intimate friends came out nobly under these circumstances. Jephson, who wore check trousers of a vivid pattern which had always aroused Pincher's ire, thanked fortune that "the infernal beast was got rid of somehow." Pooley, who, labouring under a belief that all dogs were intended for swimmers, had once tried to throw Pincher into the Hampstead ponds, and had had his hand bitten to the bone for his pains, hoped that "the brute had been made into sausages." Blinkhorn, who was of a facetious turn, was sure that Pincher had been sewn up in the skin of some deceased dog of fabulous beauty, and sold by a man in Regent-street to some old dowager. Hallmarke was the only one who gave me the least consolation. "Perhaps he's been picked up by some benevolent person," he said, "and sent to the Home. Go to the Home and see." "The Home? what Home?" I asked. "For lost dogs, at Holloway. Go and see if he's there."

On further sifting this somewhat vague information, I found that there was a place where

lost and starving dogs found in the street, were temporarily received and cared for; and that this place was open to the visits of the public. I determined to repair thither at once. It is a good thing for the dogs that they are sent to the Home, for assuredly they would never find their own intricate way there. On being landed from the Favourite omnibus, I made several inquiries, and at last found myself in Hollingsworth-street: a pleasant locality, which would have been pleasanter had there been less mud and more pavement.

I looked around, but saw no sign of dogginess. At last I succeeded in fixing a red-faced matron who was culling her offspring, and of her I inquired, as civilly as might be, if she knew where the Dog's Home was situated? Following this lady's directions, I crossed the road, and soon found myself at the gates, when a sharp little lad, so soon as he heard my business, ushered me into the Home.

A big yard, at the opposite end of which I see a block of kennels with a wirework fenced show-place outside, very like that appropriated to the monkeys at the Zoological Gardens. In this, a crowd of dogs, who no sooner see the boy accompanying me than they set up a tremendous howling. Not a painful yelping, nothing suggestive of hunger or physical suffering; but simply that under-toned howl which means, "Take me out and give me a run." Dogs of all common kinds here, but nothing very valuable. "Mongrel, puppy, and whelp, and curs of low degree." Big dogs, half-mastiff, half-sheepdog, bastard Scotch and English terriers, in all instances with a cross of wrong blood in them; one or two that ought to have been beagles, but seemed to have gone to the bad; several lurchers looking as if they ought to have had a poacher's heels to follow, and a grand gathering of the genuine English cur: that cheery, dissipated, dishonest scoundrel, who betrays his villany in the shiftiness of his eye, and the limpness of his tail: who is so often lame, and so perpetually taking furtive snatches of sleep in doorways: a citizen of the world, and yet a single-hearted brute, who will follow any one for miles on the strength of a kind word, and who, when kicked off, turns round philosophically and awaits some better fortune.

Comfortably housed are all these dogs, with plenty to eat and drink, and a large open space where they are periodically turned out for exercise. I asked whether the neighbours did not raise strong objections to the proximity of the Home? I was told that at first all kinds of legal persecutions were threatened, but that, as time passed, the ill feeling died away, and now no complaints were made. The dogs, who are invariably rescued from starvation, are so worn out on first reaching their new abode, that they invariably sleep for many hours as soon as they have taken food, and, on recovering, seem already accustomed to their quarters, and consequently indisposed to whine. All the dogs of any standing look plump and well fed; but there are two or three new comers with lacklustre eyes and

very painful anatomical developments. I carefully scrutinised them all. There were about eighty. Alas, Pincher was not among them. He might come in, the boy said; there was many placemen bringin' in what they'd found in the night; my dog might come in yet; hadn't I better see the lady and talk to her? I found "the lady" was the originator of the Home, living closely adjacent; and from her I obtained all the particulars of her amiable hobby.

The Home for lost and starving dogs has now been in existence more than three years. The establishment was started by the present honorary secretary: a lady who had for some time been in the habit of collecting such starving animals as she found in her own neighbourhood, and paying a person a weekly sum for their keep. After explaining her plan in the columns of one of the daily newspapers, she received warm assistance, and the co-operation of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals having been obtained, the Home entered upon its present extended sphere of usefulness, and boasts a large number of annual subscribers. Its object will be gathered from the following

RULES AND REGULATIONS.

1. Any dog found and brought to the Home, if applied for by the owner, will be given up to its master upon payment of the expenses of its keep.
2. Any dogs lost by Subscribers and brought to the Home will be given up free of all expense.
3. Any dog brought to the Home, not identified and claimed within fourteen days from the time of its admission, will, by order of the Committee, be sold to pay expenses, or be otherwise disposed of.
4. To prevent dog-stealing, no reward will be given to persons bringing dogs to the Home. The Committee would hope that, to persons of ordinary humanity, the consciousness of having performed a merciful action would be sufficient recompense.
5. Accommodation is now made for the reception of dogs belonging to Ladies or Gentlemen who may wish to have care taken of them during their absence from home.

Ladies and Gentlemen finding lost or starving dogs in the street, at a distance from their own residences, are recommended to arrange with some poor person, for a specified remuneration, to convey them either to the "Home" itself, or to a receiving house. The money should on no account be given to the bearer of the dog beforehand, or only on production of a certificate in this form:

Temporary Home for Lost and Starving Dogs.

The Bearer has brought	dog to the Home.
Date	_____, Keeper.

It is scarcely necessary to say that when the scheme was first mooted it shared the fate of many other good schemes, and received violent opposition. People who would have left the wounded traveller and passed by on the other side, declaimed loudly against showing humanity to dogs, while human creatures were starving; and some humorists pleasantly asked whether there was to be a home for lost and starving

elephants. The Home has survived even these sarcasms, and unpretendingly does good; it is not very important in its benevolence, but as no sparrow falls to the ground without an all-wise supervision, it may be granted that the charity which provides food and shelter for a starving dog is worthy of approbation. The place does good in its sphere. To do some good in any sphere, is much better than to do none.

Pincher returned: not from the Home for Lost Dogs, he knew better than so far to jeopardise his social standing. He returned with a ruffled coat, a torn ear, a fierceness of eye which bespoke recent trouble. I afterwards learned that he had been a principal in a combat held in the adjoining parish, where he acquitted himself with a certain amount of honour, and was pinning his adversary, when a rustic person from a farm broke in upon the ring and kicked both the combatants out of it. This ignominy was more than Pincher could bear; he flung himself upon the rustic's leg, and brought him to the ground: then fled and remained hidden in a wood until hunger compelled him to come home. We have interchanged no communication since, but regard each other with sulky dignity. I perceive that he intends to remain obdurate until I make the first advances.

THE STORY OF THE LIGHTNING.

'Tis summer eve beneath the shivering lindens,
The soft warm air
Sways the green branches to and fro, as gently
As childhood's prayer.

The sheeted lightning in the heavens blazing,
Cleaves clouds in twain;
Flash following flash, till darkness
Seems almost vain.

Fire leaps from cloud to cloud, and the horizon
Is all alight,
As if the skies had opened, that the angels
Might beat back night.

And as they part, quicker than thought can travel,
It seems almost
That living lightning leaped from the artillery
Of a mysterious host.

And that beyond the iron frontier
Of all that's real,
Light chased darkness through the shadowy cloud-
land
Of the ideal.

There is a cloud-land also in reality,
Where night and day
Ever encounter in mysterious armour
For sovereign sway.

When good and evil meet, and clash within us
In heart and brain,
When sorrow seems to gather ever o'er us,
And hope is vain.

When the will that would work is stricken powerless,
And friendship's smile
Is like the mockery of a crimson sunset
On snow awhile.

'Tis bright but warms not; and the deep'ning
shadows
Of gathering night
Drop down, and leave the wanderer cold and frozen
On fields of white.

There's many a battle in our shadowy cloud-land
Of Heart and Brain,
When Might makes Right, and Right sits, worn and
listless,
Moaning with pain.

There's many a battle in the shadowy cloud-land
When tiny feet
Tramp for the first time, homeless and forlorn,
Adown the street.

When little blue eyes, wondering at the stars
That shine o'erhead,
Ask sobbing from a weary half-starved father
A piece of bread.

And many a one is fought around the dying
For thirst of gold,
In hearts that grasp at purses or possessions
Ere the clay's cold.

When solemn death-beds seem at best but gullies,
Where miners' hands
May jostle with each other in the plunder
Of golden sands.

And there are many battles that do almost
Nature convulse,
Fought between good and evil, with the weapons
Of wild impulse.

When reckless heedless passion's dread rebellion
Breaks reason's sway,
And tender ties are severed in a moment,
Or flung away.

But in our cloud-land, if there's sometimes darkness,
There's also light,
Legions of angels minister to those who
Strive to do right.

If we but lift our arms, and not sit idly
Nursing Despair,
But work with hands and brain until its phantoms
Vanish in air.

So underneath the shivering German lindens
I close my eyes,
To dream again this story of the lightning
Up in the skies.

COURT-MARTIAL HISTORY.

A MILITARY court anciently existed in England known as the Court of Chivalry. A statute of Richard the Second declared that it had cognisance of all deeds of arms and of war out of the realm, and of things which touch war within the realm, that could not be determined by the common law. The president of that court was the lord high constable, the leader of the king's armies, a magnate of the highest dignity; but the last possessor, Edward Stafford Duke of Buckingham, having been attainted of treason in the reign of Henry the Eighth, the office became forfeited to the crown, and was never revived. In the course of time this tribunal, over which the earl marshal afterwards presided,

was confined to redressing injuries of honour, and punishing encroachments and usurpations on armorial bearings, and other matters of heraldry.

The modern court-martial is also a court of honour as well as of criminal authority, and is the creature of the annual Mutiny Act. The first Mutiny Act (1 William and Mary) was one of the earliest parliamentary measures after the revolution of 1688, and originated in a mutiny of the Royal Scots, or First Regiment of Foot, then known after their colonel by the name of the Regiment of Dumbarton, a corps which has since acquired a world-wide renown. This episode is graphically described by Macaulay. On a pressing message from the crown to parliament, the first Mutiny Act was immediately passed at an eventful period to meet an impending danger; but as it was intended to be merely temporary, its operation was limited to six months. The Mutiny Act has since, with the interruption of about three years, from April, 1698, to February, 1701, a period of profound peace, been annually renewed with some modifications, and by it the crown is empowered to frame and sanction articles of war, and to convene courts-martial. Having originated in the untoward event from which it derived its name, the modern measure is designed, in its annual legislative revivals, to be the safeguard of public liberty as well against the aggressions of military misrule as of royal prerogative, and it has tended to reconcile the English people to a standing army, hateful to our ancestors. The discipline of the other branch of the service is also in modern legislation regulated by an annual measure—"an act for the government of the navy," a term which would be far more appropriate than the Mutiny Act for those intended for the regulation of our military and marine forces.

The time is fast approaching when two centuries will have passed since its inception. It redounds highly to the honour of our national character, that although within that period numerous courts-martial have been assembled, their sentences visited with capital punishment only three British officers, two of them—Benbow's cowardly captains—on charges involving the want of personal courage. According to the traditions of the navy, John Benbow, a name which still ranks amongst our distinguished admirals, although by birth of gentle blood, first served as a seaman before the mast. An anecdote of his early life is to this day preserved amongst the characteristic stories of the sea. While working his gun in a severe naval action, a cannon-shot struck a messmate, who cried out, "It has carried off my leg, take me to the surgeon!" The bleeding stump having been rudely stanchied, Benbow had the wounded man placed immediately upon his back, and, as he descended the ladder with his burthen, another cannon-shot carried off the head of his comrade while it was still above the level of the deck. Unconscious of the occurrence, Benbow, on reaching the cockpit, and

laying down his load, observed, "Surgeon! I have brought you a patient for amputation." "What!" replied the operator. "Bring me a man who has lost his head!" Gazing with astonishment, Benbow answered, "Lost his head! The rascal told me 'twas his leg!" When Benbow, whose character was that of a rough and honest sailor, had attained the rank of admiral, he hoisted his flag in command of a fleet destined to fight the French in the West Indies. Having fallen in with the enemy, he was basely deserted by the captains of other ships, when the Breda, which he commanded, being furiously assailed, a chain shot shattered his right leg, but he insisted upon being laid upon the deck. A lieutenant having expressed to the admiral concern for the loss, the gallant Benbow replied, "I am sorry for it too, but I would rather have lost them both than have witnessed such dishonour. Do you hear? If another shot takes me off, behave like brave men and fight it out." Broken-hearted at the desertion and misconduct of his officers, Benbow gave up the pursuit, and the French admiral, a brave man, feeling for his foe as he would under similar circumstances have felt for himself, addressed to the British commander the following letter, which is said to be still extant:

Carthage, August 22nd, 1702.

Sir,—I had little hopes on Monday last but to have supped in your cabin, but it pleased God to order it otherwise—I am thankful for it. As for those cowardly captains who deserted you, hang them up, for by G—— they deserve it.

Yours,
DU CASSE.

On his arrival at Port Royal, Benbow acted on the articles of war, and assembled a court-martial in his flag-ship for their trial, at which, although desperately wounded, he appeared as a witness. Two of them, Kirkby and Wade, were sentenced to be shot for cowardice, and, being sent to England, suffered on board H.M.S. Bristol, at Plymouth. Benbow did not survive; he died of fever, resulting from his wound and his disappointment, before their execution. Such was the just fate of the first victims of the Mutiny Act, the only two British officers ever attainted as cowards who expiated their disgrace by death.

Our historic annals record two courts-martial, causes célèbres, in which dishonour was imputed to commanders-in-chief, both of noble blood, one of which terminated in the death, the other in the degradation, of the accused. Little more than half a century after the condemnation of Benbow's captains, the failure of a British fleet to achieve a victory over the French in the Mediterranean, and the loss of the Island of Minorca, which that fleet had been destined to relieve, were the signals for an unprecedented outbreak of popular indignation in England. Admiral John Byng, who had commanded that fleet, was the son of a distinguished father, who had been ennobled for his naval services; but the son was cold and haughty in his manners, and enslaved by a passion for routine and rigid

discipline. The national disgrace was attributed to him, and, on his arrival at Portsmouth where he was immediately placed under close arrest, the mob were with difficulty restrained from tearing him to pieces. His younger brother, Colonel the Honourable Edward Byng, hastened to meet him, and such was the shock his proud and sensitive temperament sustained at the interview, that he died the following day in convulsions. Lady Torrington, his sister-in-law, in a letter written at the time, thus alluded to this tragic episode: "What a cruel star presides over this family at present. It must have been a shocking incident to have his brother come to him on Wednesday and die on Thursday morning." The same popular rage awaited him everywhere; a captain's guard of sixty dragoons was required to save him from summary execution on the road to London. Indignity was heaped upon indignity. Greenwich Hospital having been assigned as the place of his confinement, the brutal Governor Townsend caused him to be imprisoned in a garret, unfurnished, save with a deal table and a chair, the window barred with iron, and an iron bar across the chimney to prevent his escape. Addresses from several counties and large towns to George the Second, demanded inquiry and vengeance on the guilty; but the most dictatorial was that from the capital, to which, according to Horace Walpole, "the trembling ministers persuaded the king to pledge his royal word that he would save no delinquent from justice; a most inhuman pledge, and too rigidly kept." A court-martial was ordered to assemble on board H.M.S. Saint George, at Portsmouth, and the prisoner returned to that port, under a similar military escort. The court was composed of thirteen members, four of whom were admirals, all officers junior to the accused; the remaining nine were of inferior rank, being only post-captains. They continued their sittings during a whole month.

Some of the disclosures displayed the ministerial corruption of the period. It was asserted that the letters and reports of the prisoner had been garbled and perverted before they were permitted to appear in the Gazette, so as to give some colour to the charge of cowardice, and that other flagitious arts had been employed to blacken his reputation. The sentence was comprised in thirty-seven resolutions. While it acquitted him of "misconduct from cowardice or disaffection," the final one declared that "he did not do his utmost," and, in obedience to the twelfth article of war, then recently rendered more Draconic, adjudged the prisoner to be shot. While acquitting him of being "wanting in personal courage," the court unanimously thought it "their duty to recommend him as a proper object of mercy." The administration, "whose terrors," according to Walpole, "were as great as the clamours of the people," in order to screen themselves, submitted a question to the twelve judges of England, whether the sentence was legal; but according to the dangerous and uncon-

stitutional practice which then prevailed, it was considered in secret, and was not argued before the judges by counsel; it was answered in the affirmative. Nowhere did the ill-fated object find more strenuous intercessors than amongst his own immediate judges; Captain Augustus Keppel, afterwards the popular admiral, being in parliament, demanded as well on his own behalf as at the instance of four other members of the court, a bill to absolve them from their oath of secrecy, in order that they might reveal matters of weight in relation to their sentence. The bill passed the House of Commons tumultuously, by one hundred and fifty-three to twenty-three, notwithstanding which majority, the tide of popular feeling abroad ran decidedly against the victim, and Pitt, the great commoner, deeming justice to be at stake, deliberately confronted the torrent. Having detailed to his majesty, in private, the relenting indications which were apparent in debate, he declared that the House wished to see the admiral pardoned; on which the king replied, "Sir, you have taught me to look for the sense of my subjects in another place than in the House of Commons." The answer was intended as a rebuke, but it was a high compliment to the policy of a minister who placed his reliance on public opinion. In the Upper House the chief legal authorities, Lords Hardwicke and Mansfield, the Chancellor and Chief Justice, treated the subject with judicial strictness; they separately examined at the bar and on oath every member of the court, and required answers: First, whether they knew anything which passed previous to that sentence which showed it to be unjust? Secondly, whether any matter passed previous to it, which showed it to have been given through any undue motive? To the general surprise, every member, even Keppel himself, answered both questions in the negative; the bill was accordingly rejected by the Lords, but not without some insulting comments on the haste and heedlessness of the Lower House of Parliament.

While his friends were incessant in their applications for mercy, Byng rejected its acceptance with disdain. "What satisfaction," said he, "can I receive from the liberty to crawl a few years longer on the earth, with the infamous load of a pardon at my back? I despise life upon such terms, and would rather have them take it!" It is one among the many remarkable circumstances of this melancholy, and we believe unprecedented case, that a complete change of ministry took place between the accusation and the sentence, so that one political party arranged the trial and another directed the execution. The king entertained an opinion which, in this instance, was in common with the populace, that some rigorous example was required; an opinion which gave rise to the sneer of Voltaire, when Candide, on his visit to England, declares, "*Dans ce pays ci, il est bon de tuer de temps en temps, un amiral pour encourager les autres.*" All hopes of his friends

expired with the rejection of the bill. Byng met his fate with undaunted intrepidity; his heroism resembled and equalled that of Marshal Ney, known in the armies of Imperial France as "the bravest of the brave," in similar trying moments. When the result of the resolutions was being broken to him by degrees, he started: "What! They have not put a slur upon me, have they?" But, on being assured that they had not imputed cowardice, his countenance at once resumed its serenity, and he heard his doom with calmness and composure. His subsequent fate is thus described by the contemporary authority of Horace Walpole, in a letter of the 17th of March, 1757, to Sir Horace Mann: "Admiral Byng's tragedy was completed on Monday—a perfect tragedy, for there were variety of incidents, villany, murder, and a hero. His sufferings, persecutions, disturbances, nay, the revolutions of his fate, had not in the least unhinged his mind; his whole behaviour was natural and firm. A few days before, one of his friends standing by him said, 'Which of us is tallest?' He replied, 'Why this ceremony? I know what it means. Let the man come and measure me for my coffin!' He said that being acquitted of cowardice, and being persuaded on the coolest reflection that he had acted for the best, and should act so again, he was not unwilling to suffer. He desired to be shot on the quarter-deck, not where common malefactors are; came out at twelve, sat down in a chair, for he would not kneel, and refused to have his face covered, that his countenance might show whether he feared death; but being told that it might frighten his executioners he submitted, gave the signal at once, received one shot through the head, another through the heart, and fell. Do cowards live or die thus? Can that man want spirit who only fears to terrify his executioners?" One of the Lords of the Admiralty—Admiral Forbes—had refused to sign the warrant for the execution, which took place on board H.M.S. *Monarque*, a prize taken from the French, at Portsmouth. The spectators of the tragic scene, in admiration of his fortitude, could not refrain from tears. One rough seaman, as he gazed with his arms folded on the blood-stained deck, with visible emotion exclaimed, "There lies the bravest and best officer in the navy!" His remains repose in the family vault at South Hill, in Bedfordshire, where a monumental tablet presents to the visitor the following memorable inscription, attributed to the pen of Samuel Johnson:

To the perpetual disgrace
Of public justice,
The Honourable John Byng,
Admiral of the Blue,
Fell a martyr to political
Persecution,
March 14, in the year 1757,
When bravery and loyalty
Were insufficient securities
For the life and honour
Of a Naval Officer.

In less than three years after the execution of Byng, a memorable court-martial met at Whitehall, for the trial of a British military commander-in-chief. Lord George Sackville, a younger son of the first, and father of the last Duke of Dorset, like the most illustrious warrior of our times, commenced his political career as Chief Secretary for Ireland, when his father was for the second time Viceroy, and afterwards attained high military rank. Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, nephew of Frederick the Great, was commander-in-chief of the allied army on the Continent, destined for the protection of Hanover; but the British troops of which it was partly composed were under the command of the high English aristocrat. Being unwilling to sacrifice our insular interests to German connexions, dissensions soon arose between him and the foreign prince, who was his superior officer; in the words of Walpole, "both liked to govern, neither liked to be governed." At the battle of Minden, on the 1st of August, 1759, when the French infantry reeled before the British battalions, Sackville was at the head of the Blues: a regiment to which the couplet of Dryden may be applied:

Unchanged by fortune, to their sovereign true,
For which their manly forms are decked with blue.

At the critical moment of confusion in the enemies' ranks, he received orders to advance with the English and Hanoverian cavalry, which were separated from the infantry by a wood. These orders he undoubtedly disobeyed. His personal courage having been previously suspected, he had preserved, and was proud of exhibiting, the uniform he had worn at Fontenoy, pierced by a musket-ball, which on that fatal day wounded him in the breast. His disobedience at Minden was attributed by his friends to the orders being ambiguous and even contradictory, while his enemies traced it to the effect of panic, or to the impulse of unwarrantable pique and wounded pride. He appeared after the battle, at dinner in the tent of his victorious commander, who remarked to the other officers present, "Look at that man! As much at his ease as if he had done wonders." The general order of the prince contained a direct imputation; it declared that if Lieutenant-General the Marquis of Granby had had the good fortune to have been at the head of the cavalry, his presence would have greatly contributed to make the decision of the day more complete and more brilliant. Stung to the quick by this public rebuke, feeling that the indignation which pervaded the camp had spread through the court and the country, he wrote for liberty to resign his command, and returned to England to brave a storm of obloquy which, after the recent fate of Byng, was far more terrible to a soldier than the worst perils of the battlefield.

On his arrival, he found himself summarily dismissed from the colonelcy of his regiment,

and struck—by the hand of George the Second, who was deeply incensed, and resolved to make his degradation most galling—from the list of generals. Having demanded a court-martial, a question arose whether a man who had ceased to be in the army was still subject to military law, but the court assembled on the 29th of February, 1760, and was composed of sixteen members, all general officers. The accusations were three in number. First, for refusing to advance with the cavalry and sustain the infantry when engaged; second, after the cavalry were in motion, in needlessly halting them; third, that he moved so slowly as not to reach the action in time to join in the pursuit. Assuming a dictatorial tone to the court, he complained that he had been punished before trial; and, while he relied on the ambiguity of the orders, it was but too evident that they did not direct him to stand still. Forgetting that the moment of the enemies' signal discomfiture was his opportunity, he attempted in his defence to justify his inactivity on the ground that the movement of the cavalry was unnecessary. "The glory of that day," said he, "was reserved for the six brave (English) regiments, who, it will scarcely be credited in future ages, by a single attack put forty battalions and sixty squadrons to flight." The allusion would seem to have been peculiarly inopportune, for while those six infantry regiments suffered a loss of one thousand three hundred and seventy-nine men and officers, the Gazette does not record a single casualty amongst the British cavalry. According to Walpole, "Whatever were his deficiencies in the day of battle, he has at least shown no want of spirit either in pushing on his trial, or during it. He had a formal message that he must abide the event, whatever it should be; he accepted that issue, and during the course of the examination attacked judges, prosecutor, and evidence. Indeed, a man cannot be said to want spirit who could show so much in his circumstances. I think, without much heroism, I would sooner have led the cavalry up to the charge than have gone to Whitehall to be worried as he was. One hour of such resolution at Minden would have established his character for ever." Gray, the poet, wrote at the time, "The old Rundles who sat on Lordly Sackville, have at last hammered out their message. He is declared disobedient and unfit for all military command. The unembarrassed countenance, the looks of revenge, contempt, and superiority that he bestowed on his accusers, were the admiration of all. You may think, perhaps, he intends to go abroad and hide his head—au contraire, all the world visits him on his condemnation." The court discharged their duty with firmness, neither misled by his persuasive powers, nor irritated by his overbearing pride; and it was said that seven of the members were in favour of capital punishment. The promulgation of the sentence was followed by his name being struck off the list of privy councillors; and the announce-

ment of its confirmation declared it to be his majesty's pleasure "that the sentence be given out in public orders, that officers may be convinced that neither high birth nor great employments shall shelter offences of such a nature."

If disaster had attended our arms at Minden, Sackville would inevitably have shared the fate of Byng; but the splendid successes of Wolfe in the conquest of Canada, following fast after that victory, had tranquillised popular feeling, and, strange to say, on the accession of the new sovereign, he found favour with George the Third, by whom he was named for office in 1765, but the other members of the new ministry refused to act with a man who had been so publicly disgraced. Having, in 1770, acquired property under the will of Lady Elizabeth Germain, who had been a favourite correspondent of Swift, on condition that he should thenceforth bear her name, we may well believe that he eagerly seized on any occasion that afforded even a hope of retrieving his sullied repute. It was a period "when corruption did, indeed, glitter in the van and maintain a standing army of mercenaries," and Lord George, aspiring to be a patriot, having expressed himself in parliament warmly on some popular question, Governor Johnson replied that "he wondered the noble lord should interest himself so deeply in the honour of the country, when he had hitherto been so regardless of his own." On a refusal to retract an insult so publicly given, Lord George demanded an immediate meeting, and named the ring in Hyde Park; but as the challenged was then, as a member, attending a committee of the House of Commons, he hoped that a meeting within an hour would be satisfactory. The subsequent incidents are characteristic of the taste for duelling then in fashion. The combatants would seem to have arranged all the preliminaries between themselves; the governor suggested that one second, the bearer of the message, Mr. Thomas Townsend, afterwards Lord Sydney, would answer for them both; and as he had an open wound in his arm, and his legs were very much swelled, he expressed a wish to use pistols—a request to which his opponent politely acceded. In hurrying to the appointed spot, the governor met Sir James Lowther in Piccadilly, who accompanied him as his friend, and, when on the ground, Lord George, accosting his adversary, desired him to take whatever distance he pleased. Being placed at twenty short paces apart, Lord George called on the governor to fire, which the other refused, declaring that, as his lordship had brought him there, he must fire first. Neither of the shots took effect, but his opponent's second ball broke Lord George's pistol, and one of the splinters grazed his hand. The seconds then interfered, and the governor afterwards avowed that he had never met a man who behaved with more coolness or courage.

Some remarkable coincidences gave credence

for a time to a surmise, now considered palpably erroneous, that Lord George Germain was the author of Junius. The hostility of that celebrated assailant of character to the Marquis of Granby was accounted for, by this theory, and his detestation of the Scotch was traced to the fact that ten of the members of the court-martial had been natives of Scotland. "Time works wonders." The object of much and merited obloquy in 1775 was selected in the administration of Lord North for the high office of Secretary of State for the Colonies. His policy as a minister was destined to be as disastrous as his military career had been disgraceful; he was, in office, the determined foe of American independence, and he directed those measures which severed our transatlantic provinces from Great Britain. Benjamin Franklin, in an early letter to Priestly, thus predicted the consequences: "When Lord Germain is at the head of affairs, it cannot be expected that anything like reason or moderation could be attended to. Everything breathes rancour and desperation, and nothing but absolute impotence will stop their proceedings. We, therefore, look on final separation from you as a certain and speedy event!"

On his resigning the seals in 1782, he was raised by royal favour to the peerage, by the title of Viscount Sackville: an elevation which revived all the bitter recollections of days gone by, and was thus denounced in a spirited satirical production of the period.

The Robe Patrician now shall cover all!
Disgrace no more degrade, or fear appal;
The guilt is lost, that once the conscious plain
Of Minden blushing saw through all her slain.
Such is the magic of this crimson vest,
When clasped with royal hands across the breast;
It mounts the coward to the hero's place,
Wipes from the recreant brow each foul disgrace;
Confounds, perverts all honours and degree,
And makes a hero, e'en Germain of thee!
Know, haughty peer, the western world disdains
Such tools of office, and such feeble chains,
As hands like thine, or stronger hand of George,
Or heads or hands more wise and strong can forge.

The newly created peer on his introduction into the House of Lords was destined to endure perhaps the most galling of his many humiliations; he heard his ignominious sentence and its confirmation read aloud, and himself denounced as "the greatest criminal this country ever knew." He was accused not only of misconduct in the field, but of being the author of all the calamities of the recent war. It was moved that the admission of a man whose disgrace had been entered on the orderly book of every regiment, would be derogatory to the dignity of that assembly, and the House was earnestly invoked not to suffer him to enter it and contaminate the peerage. The obnoxious viscount defended himself with courage and calmness; the prerogative of the crown was recognised; but a protest recorded the sentiments

of nine peers, and the object thus arraigned did not long survive the accumulated indignities to which he had been forced to submit.

THE AGGER FIORD.

"SOHO, mare! gently, Lapwing, gently, you Holstein-bred, hammer-headed brute! Quiet, I say!"

And the postilion, turning in his saddle, confronted us as we sat in the open calèche, though so deep was the darkness of the night that it was only when a flash of lightning came that we could distinguish his pale face, dripping flaxen hair, and the faded scarlet of his gay jacket, now stained by drenching rain into a dusky maroon colour. An awful night it was.

I have been thirty years in Denmark, and have seen storms enough since then, but none fiercer than that which now raged around us as we plodded our way, sore buffeted by wet and wind, over a desolate heath in North Jutland. The thunder rolled almost unceasingly; between the peals we could hear the hoarse roar of the distant sea; and the gale was so strong that we feared carriage and horses would be fairly blown over by the succession of angry gusts. To add to the agreeable features of the scene, the poor brutes that drew us, alarmed by the lightning, were plunging and swerving violently at intervals, and the driver could hardly control them.

"English masters," said the postilion, very ruefully, "I have lost the way! It's not my fault, for it would need a Troll's eyes, which can pierce the earth, they say, to see clear on such a night as this. I must have missed the turning by the gibbet, and got among the lanes to the left, or we should have reached the kro—be quiet, horses!—the kro where your worships meant to rest for the night; but now I see neither kro nor village."

"Then where are we?" asked Williams, rather peevishly; and no wonder, for our light summer suits—admirable wear, as we had considered, for a fair weather excursion through Jutland in the fair season—were thoroughly soaked through; we were miserably off for wrappers of any sort, and were as chilled and hungry as ever belated travellers were.

"Where are we?"

"The blessed Olaf of Norway and Niels of Denmark alone can tell," replied the young Dane, who, for all his Lutheranism, had a profound reverence for saints of the pure Scandinavian stock; and then began again to soothe and struggle with his horses, which were all but unmanageable.

This was not very pleasant, and Williams—less used to rough weather and wet clothes than I was, for an artist's profession takes him into the open air less frequently, rain or shine, than an engineer's—grew testy and out of humour. He was a worthy fellow, and a good companion, and it was a genuine love of his art that had brought him to Denmark: a country then, as now, very little visited by English tourists. But

his temper, amiable in prosperous circumstances, was by no means improved by exposure to the elements, and he was unsparing in his denunciations of everything and everybody connected with Jutland, from the time of King Gorm downwards. I could not help laughing at the excess of his wrath, though I, too, felt that we were in a scrape which might prove serious. The horses could with difficulty be kept in the narrow road, and, should they bolt across the heath, our choice would probably be between jumping out at some personal risk, or being smothered in one of the numerous bogs, deep and dangerous, with which the country abounds. Suddenly a flash of lightning, more than commonly broad and brilliant, lighted up the whole horizon, showing with startling distinctness the black and purple surface of the wild moor, strewn with stones, speckled with yellow flowers, and dotted with round blue tarns and patches of intensely green verdure, beneath which lay soft mire that would bear no heavier foot than that of the plover. But there was also visible a moss-grown stone cross, broken and weather-worn, but conspicuously planted on a knoll of rising ground, whereon grew several fir-trees, bent and warped into fantastic crookedness by the might of the north-west gales. This was evidently a landmark well known to the country people, and the postilion gave a shout of joy as he pointed it out with his whip.

"I know where we are now, English knights! That's the cross of old Abbot Tholl, he that was tied up in a sack, and drowned in the Elster fiord by the peasants of Vetter, one fifth of whose corn he wanted to take away as Church dues. We are far from home, and far from the right road, though, and this rain will have swelled the Skiern so much that we could not get back, not if we risked our lives in fording it. The best thing I can do, gentlemen, is to take you on to Rothsgaard."

"What does the fellow say?" asked Williams. He had been but a short time in Denmark, and had not learned as much of the language, so similar, and yet so provokingly unlike, our native English, as I, who had been in constant contact with native labourers, sailors, and professional men.

"What is this Rothsgaard you speak of? Is there a kro there, or some farm-house where strangers are received?" I asked.

But the place was not one fitted for a protracted colloquy, and I suppose the lad was weary of doing battle with his rampant steeds, which he had hitherto managed with much address and courage. At any rate, he shouted something quite unintelligible, cracked his whip, loosened his reins, and went off at a slapping pace through the tempest and the darkness. Half an hour afterwards he pulled up his horses in front of a long and lofty wall, which evidently enclosed a large court-yard, gardens, and inner buildings, and which was, as I could see by a flash of the now distant lightning, of a dull red colour, instead of the usual white. The postilion sprang to the

ground, rang a loud clanging bell, and thumped lustily on the oaken gate with his whip-handle.

"Any haven in a storm!" said the driver, "but this haven is of the best! I'll warrant we find supper not over, and as for corn and hay for the nags, where should they be to be had if not in the stables of the noble Baron Dyring?" At this instant the gates were opened by an old serving-man with a lantern, and, after a very brief explanation, we were civilly invited to enter.

Much as I had heard of the primitive hospitality still existing in out-of-the-way nooks of the ancient kingdom of Denmark, I was rather startled at the notion of intruding on the domestic privacy of a country gentleman, such as I could not doubt this Baron Dyring, whose name I now heard for the first time, to be. The name of the place—Rothsgaard—had not prepared me for an invasion on our part of a genuine château. The word "gaard," meaning hold or place of defence, is loosely used in Denmark, applying equally to a village, a farmhouse, and a feudal castle. And, as far as I could make out in the dim light, Rothsgaard, though surrounded by barns, stabling, and farm buildings of very great extent, was rather an imposing edifice: a strong stone mansion in the castellated style, moated and turreted, and large, though low. Williams, too, drew back somewhat as soon as he discovered where we were. He, like myself, had expected to be received with the rough and kindly welcome which well-to-do Jutland farmers generally bestow on the foreign traveller, and that we should have been, on the morrow, rather permitted than required to pay for our accommodation. This, however, was quite a different affair, and we were only reconciled to our apparent intrusion when the baron himself, hearing of our arrival, came to the door to meet us with extended hand, and gave us a hearty welcome in tolerable English.

In a quarter of an hour we had been provided with rooms, in which the stoves were hastily lighted, warm as the weather was, in consideration of our drenched condition; we had been accommodated with dry garments from our host's wardrobe, since our scanty baggage did not contain much beyond linen and dressing gear; and we were sitting in the quaintly furnished finely proportioned drawing-room, conversing with our entertainer, and his family, as if we were all old friends: so utterly was our British reserve thawed before the simple cordiality of a Scandinavian welcome. And a fine family they were; every one of them, except perhaps Kalf Dyring, the second son, being well looking.

Baron Dyring, who was then about forty-five years of age, was a tall man, with a dark complexion, and a handsome thoughtful face. There was something dreamy and unpractical about his large grey eyes and delicately cut lips, but his forehead was broad and ample, and his whole face had a pleasant expression. Eskil, the eldest son, was like his father, but shorter and slighter; and Madame Dyring, who must have

been a beautiful woman in her youth, still retained the dazzling complexion and golden hair that make up the chief peculiarities of Danish loveliness. Kalf Dyring, the second son, was much more what I suppose the real old Norsemen to have been in their day, than either father or brother: a laughing, flaxen-haired young giant, with a broad face and ruddy cheeks: not very clever, but no fool: a boisterous good-hearted fellow when well used, but terrible when in a passion, and able to get into a passion on light provocation. As for Christina, the only daughter, I need only say at present that she was an extremely pretty girl of nineteen.

The Dyrings seemed to treat our invasion of their hearth and home as a matter of course, or rather as a piece of good fortune which had befallen them. At the same time, they admitted that the affair might have had a tragic ending, since it is not every belated traveller who, being lost on a stormy night on a wild heath in Jutland, can count upon so safe a bourne at the end of his wanderings. The kind Danes mentioned many melancholy accidents that had taken place—in winter for the most part—between Lonne and Rothsgaard, or between the castle and the town of Ringkiöbing. Now, they told of a pedlar who had been missing for years, and on whose account the gipsies had been suspected, since all deemed that the chapman had been made away with for the sake of his pack, until, in a dry summer, pack and pedlar were found in a swamp. Now, they told of a number of wedding guests, somewhat the worse for brandy and Rostock beer, who had perished in the snow on the Kobolds' Moor. There were many such accidents on record.

By supper-time, I think we were all, more or less, pleased with one another. Our only introduction at the gate had been the simple announcement that we were wayfarers and Englishmen, and no question had been asked as to our worldly position. We were left, therefore, to mention our own names. Williams told his patronymic and profession, and spoke, casually, of some Danish gentlemen in Copenhagen to whom he had brought letters: among them, a chamberlain of the king, a nobleman with whom the baron had been at school, but of whom he had long lost sight.

"You do not go to Copenhagen, then, for the winter season?" said my companion.

"We never go," said the baron, a little dryly; and then, as if ashamed of anything that might savour of churlishness, he rejoined, "Gay cities like our capital—though I dare say you smile in your sleeves, young gentlemen, at my calling our poor little Copenhagen gay—are not the places for a needy Jutland gentleman. Ah! You look incredulous, but if you will do me the favour to stay a few days with us, you will learn all about our ways. We have plenty of wheat and barley, plenty of cows and oxen and swine, plenty of all things except dollars, and nothing else will pay one's way in city

life. No, no, we must stop and keep a master's eye over the land and its produce. Of courts and towns I saw something as a boy, in my grandfather's time, but I am a plain man, and my children after me will be plain Jutland squires too. Try this Marcobrunner, Mr. Williams; pity that Denmark ripens no grape! We must trust to the land of our German enemies for the very wine that warms our hearts."

I was rather puzzled by the baron's good-humoured confession of poverty, and was inclined to take it as a jest. Certainly of what we in England call poverty, there were no signs. Most of the furniture was old, no doubt; old enough to have been made in the reign of Christian the Seventh; but it was well preserved, and suited the old oak panels and carved cornices better than modern finery would have done. The supper was excellent—almost overplentiful—the wine was good, and there was plenty of old silver and old china. To say that the whole mansion was exquisitely clean, neat, and in perfect repair, is superfluous; for in Denmark there is a more than Dutch passion for cleanliness and order, and every rustic inn where we had slept in our tour had been perfection in this respect. The servants were cheerful, well clad in grey cloth coats or trim gowns of some bright colour, and conveyed an impression of anything rather than narrow circumstances on the part of their master.

"Well," said I to myself, as I looked at the snow-white sheets redolent of lavender, the scarlet silk quilt, and the tapestried curtains, of my bed, and then at the curious looking-glass in its ebony frame, with dragon's claws on each side of the mirror to hold a tall wax-light, while on the walls hung several pictures of worthy persons in periwigs and plate armour, matched by ladies whose hair had been tortured by the barber's art into towers of frizzled curls; "I know many a more pretentious personage in England and Ireland who would gladly change places with my host. Poor, forsooth!"

I was still more puzzled on the following morning, when the sun rose brilliantly in a sky of unclouded blue, and sounds of lowing, barking and singing, with the tramp of horses and the voices of men and women, called me to my window. The baron's milch cows were being driven out in long file, from the yard to the meadows, and when they had passed, numerous cattle of various sizes and ages, but all glossy and well cared for, followed on their way to the pasture. I was amazed at the signs of agricultural wealth all around, the number of sleek cart-horses, the army of poultry, the herds of swine. The very pigeons, a cloud of which light-winged birds hovered over the stone tower that served them for a dovecot, or perched on roof and post, were surprising in their numbers. And the many farm-labourers, the sturdy-limbed "swains" in bluish-grey horn-buttoned coats, felt hats, and heavy greased boots; the active rosy dairymaids, trimly picturesque in black bodice, snooded hair, and

kirtle of Danish red ; helped to convey the idea of comfort and prosperous circumstances.

Baron Dyring would not hear of our leaving him that morning, as we, self-invited guests that we were, had naturally meant to do. No, no, that must never be ; strangers from England were rare birds of passage in that nook of the kingdom ; and we must not quit the house of a Jutland gentleman without giving ourselves time to learn something of Jutland ways. The Dyring family pledged themselves to amuse us ; and, to begin with, an otter hunt had already been fixed for that very morning. Our host was famous for his otter hounds. And two old otters, with some three or four cubs nearly full grown, had of late been extremely destructive to the sea-trout in the fiord, and the brook-trout in the streams. Also, Herr Williams, as an artist, would perhaps be good enough to look over Mademoiselle Christina's portfolio of water-colour and chalk sketches, and the baron was anxious to ask me some questions about British farming, and so forth. In fact, they would not let us go. The postilion and his horses were dismissed, and we were understood to be fixtures for at least a week under the roof of Rothsgaard.

It fell out, however, that my own sojourn at Rothsgaard bade fair to exceed the limits of the week's stay to which we were tacitly held to be bound. This was due to an accident that occurred in the course of the day's sport. Following up the shaggy otter hounds, then in full and fierce cry at the heels of one of the biggest and most active of their amphibious foes, I was emboldened to take rather a rash leap across a brook with high banks and a rocky bed. The jump was no trifling one ; but I had been thought a good leaper in my school-days, and I was piqued by seeing Kalf Dyring, whose strength and activity were remarkable, clear the stream with a bound, and then turn round and laugh heartily at Williams, who stood baffled on the brink. The baron and his eldest son, with the huntsmen and the other men, declined the dangerous leap, and pushed on towards a plank bridge a quarter of a mile off ; I, with an Englishman's dislike to being beaten, resolved to face the brook. I had better have imitated the prudence of the rest, for though I got across, my feet only touched the opposite bank, which crumbled and broke under my weight, and down I went, spraining my ankle, bruising my right arm, and plunging into a deep pool, too much hurt to swim.

Kalf Dyring—he had received his queer name in honour of some renowned ancestor of Pagan days—dragged me out of the water, and with some little trouble lifted me on to the bank. At first, I was too dizzy and sick to speak or stir, and I believe the honest young fellow thought I was killed outright, and through a prank of his own ; for, as I afterwards heard, the place where the otter had crossed was called by the baron's tenants "Chiilde Kalf's Spring," as no one in the parish but himself dared attempt it. But I soon came to myself, and sat up, while the hunters, whom a twist in the chase had

brought back, gathered round me in some alarm. When I tried to rise, with Kalf's help, down I sank again with a groan.

They carried me home, these honest Danes, blaming themselves, most unnecessarily as I thought, for their want of forethought in leading a stranger into such perils. Indeed, I fancy that the general impression among them was that foreigners were delicate creatures, unfit for rough Jutland sports and hardships, and that they had behaved very inhospitably in not taking sufficient care of their English guests. We were soon back at the château, and I doubt if any sufferer ever had more tender nursing than I. Were it possible, according to the old saw, to be killed with kindness, that would have been my fate surely. However, the hurt I had received was no joke as far as pain and inflammation went, and I fainted as they were carrying me up the oaken stairs, from sheer force of torture. The doctor, who was brought from five leagues off, gave it as his decided opinion that I would not be able to walk for a month at least.

This little incident, along with a great deal of pain to myself and trouble to others, brought with it consequences which in the long run were important. My convalescence, when once I could hobble about, propped on a crutch-headed cane, was agreeable enough. It was the pleasant summer-time. The birch, beech, and evergreen oak, were in full leaf and shade ; the sweet old-fashioned flowers in the sunny garden bloomed gloriously ; and the hum of the countless bees, that alternated between the rose-trees and the moorland heather, was peaceful and soothing to the nerves of an invalid. Williams had long since returned to Copenhagen. With the Dyrings I was on the footing of old friendship. I had gone, on the back of a quiet pony, warranted not to indulge in gambols that might embarrass a rider who dared not as yet put his left foot into a hard steel stirrup, with the baron round his farms, and had held many a long conversation with him on matters of agriculture and politics. Madame, the "Hausfrüe," as the domestics called her, had given me a number of Danish recipes, and I am afraid to say how many balsams, essences, and pots of preserve, to be sent to my married sisters in England. I had helped Eskil with his mathematics, and Kalf with his English grammar, and Christina had read to me, and with me, and had taught me dominoes, and had learned chess from me, and had been my most thoughtful and kind nurse in those weary hours when pain was racking me. She was too fair, and good, and charming, that golden-haired Danish maiden, not to win an unoccupied heart like mine ; but I did not as yet own to myself that I loved her. Her society was very dear to me, and I shut my eyes to the future, and the parting that must come with it.

And now a word as to Baron Dyring, whom I understood better than on the first evening of our acquaintance. First, as to his position. This was one that I cannot easily describe. If I called him a gentleman farmer, a phrase to

which he would himself have had no objection, I should convey a wrong impression, and yet, in spite of his ancient lineage and the length of time for which his estate had belonged to the Dyrings, he was by no means what a grand seigneur is popularly supposed to be. A man more simple, more free from any haughtiness or pretension, I never saw; and yet he *was* proud, in a quiet way quite his own. With a fair estate—the gift, as tradition and some very crabbed old charters, in Norse and dog Latin, averred, of King Harald Blue Tooth—the baron was yet obliged to pay close attention to every detail of his property, to keep clear of debt; and, though a good farmer, and rich in stock and farm produce, he had been quite correct when he described himself as poor in money.

The general thrift, plenty, and industry, which reigned in Denmark, seemed to make it difficult for wealth to be amassed by agriculture. There was the soil, and there were the hands to till it, but markets were few, and prices were low. To get a living out of the land was easy. To make money, in a country where beef ranged from twopence a pound, and where fine two-year-old colts, like those that galloped merrily about the pastures of Rothsgaard, could be bought for less than five pounds, was the reverse of easy. Exportation was difficult, and full of risks and expenses. The corn laws and the lack of steam-ships all but closed the English market against Danish grain and Danish bullocks. Sweden took a little Danish wheat, and North Germany and Holland purchased to some extent in the marts of Denmark; but the trade was in the hands of middlemen, who kept the profits to themselves. And here was the key to what had puzzled me in Baron Dyring's character. He was proud, if not of being a noble, at least of being a Danish, freeman of the old race, and of a family often mentioned in Danish annals, and never but with honour. His forefathers had been personages of much greater relative importance in the realm than he. The Dyrings had been the counsellors and companions of kings, and had filled high posts in their country's service. And it vexed the baron that he and his two boys should be compelled by narrow circumstances to remain at home, keeping close watch over barn and hayfield, while a new aristocracy, of German blood for the most part, absorbed the patronage of the kingdom.

It was when my long visit at the castle drew, perforce, to a close, my sprain being cured, and my leave of absence from the engineering works expired, that a singular incident occurred, trivial in itself, but which led to important results. Against the wall of my room, over the mantel-piece, there stood a large picture, the portrait of a defunct Dyring in trunk hose and cuirass: a poor daub, and so dingy and smoked as to be hardly distinguishable. For this work of art I cared little, but above it were fixed a noble pair of antlers—of the elk, long extinct in Denmark—and I one day endeavoured, with the aid of a chair, to reach down these huge horns for

closer inspection. In doing this, I happened to give a smart jerk to the corner of the picture; the rotten wood and rusty nails parted company; and down tumbled the portrait in the midst of a cloud of dust and lime powder, leaving visible a small recess in the wall, in which lay a little cylinder of lead, whose dull glimmer caught my eye.

Curiosity to know what this might import caused me to unroll the thin folds of the pliant metal, and to draw forth a slip of neatly folded parchment or vellum. This was about twelve inches by six, was emblazoned with the Dyring arms beautifully executed in vermilion, the deer's heads looking as fresh as if it were but yesterday that the brush had touched them, and beneath the arms was written, in a crabbed but very distinct hand, a distich in Danish, which I translate thus:

When a Dyring shall drain the Agger fiord's lands,
Red gold shall not lack in a Dyring's hands.

This was sad doggrel, and unintelligible to me, though I knew the Agger fiord, that singular arm of the sea which divided the Dyring property into two unequal portions, perfectly well. It was one of those creeks, or salt lakes, common on the coasts of Denmark, and its only remarkable feature was the peculiar narrowness of the channel by which it communicated with the North Sea. I was unprepared, however, for the agitation which the baron evinced when I put the parchment into his hands, and told him where and how I had found it.

"Yes," he cried, "that couplet must have been written by my forefather, Admiral Hans Dyring, son of the lay Prior of Vokenstrue, whose portrait, most uneccelesiastical in costume, hangs in your chamber. It was in *his* time that the Agger fiord was formed, by the irruption of the sea through a neglected dyke which some say was pierced, out of spite, by a malicious boor who had been scourged for theft. At any rate, the man was hanged. But the change was a sad one for us Dyrings; we lost a fair manor-house, nine farms, and a village. They say you can still see the church tower, on a still day in summer, and we have been a decayed family ever since. There was talk of a lost treasure in money, too—idle talk, perhaps—"

And here the baron broke off, and became moody and silent. Very soon after this, I went back to Copenhagen.

It was autumn; the moors were brown, the fields swept bare of corn, and the gales beginning, as I sat in my lonely room at the Hôtel de l'Europe, trying hard to fix my attention on a column of figures in my account-book. Do what I would, my thoughts wandered off to Rothsgaard and Christina Dyring. Now that I was absent from Christina, I knew for the first time how dearly I loved her. And that she did not dislike me, was certain enough. I remembered what a sad sad look I had noticed in her dear blue eyes when I announced one morning after post time, that my employers were impatient for my return to duty. I remembered,

too, how cold and trembling the little hand had been as it lay in mine when the time came to say farewell and to leave Rothesgaard.

But what could I do? Continental etiquette is very rigid in matters matrimonial, and Baron Dyring and his kind wife would have had a right to be angry with me had I profited by their hospitality to steal the affections of their daughter. They had made a friend of me, the solitary young Englishman, had cherished me in sickness, and had never by word or deed betrayed the slightest feeling of any social inequality between us. And yet such inequality existed. The Dyrings, impoverished as they were, were of a proud old race, and it was hardly probable that an English engineer, bred in a quiet Essex parsonage, and without wealth or connexion to recommend him, would be thought a fitting suitor for the long-descended Christina Dyring.

I had got so far in my meditations when there was a tap at the door, and the baron himself came in. He was in Copenhagen for a day or so, and had come, he said, to have a peep at me before leaving. That I was glad to see him, and to hear the latest news from Rothesgaard, I need not say. All well? Certainly, certainly! Christina a little pale and subdued in manner, her father thought, but madame attributed that to the unhealthy season, the fall of the leaf. I could not but think that the baron himself was looking ill. He was haggard, as if with want of sleep, and his strong right hand was hot and feverish. But he protested that he was quite well, quite well. He had been restless of late, he said, flitting from town to town, ransacking libraries and archives for information relative to the drainage of meres and marshes. He said, with a forced laugh, that I should think him very foolish, but that that distich, that doggerel prophecy I had discovered, and which tallied with half-forgotten legends, haunted him. He had heard, when a child, much of the treasure lost in the old inundation.

But what was my amazement when, after much beating about the bush, the baron came out with a serious proposal to drain the Agger fiord, and produced a quantity of rough calculations bearing on the subject! He was to borrow money on mortgage, since he had no pecuniary capital; the fiord was to be drained on the "polder" principle, so successful in Holland, and in the management of which I had, as he was aware, some experience; to cap all, I was to be head engineer, and reside at Rothesgaard during the operations, with one-fourth of the recovered treasure for my meed.

It was a great temptation, very great. To go back to the castle, back to Christina! But I drove the fiend, dishonesty, from me, though it cost me a pang before I could say, "My dear good friend, don't think me a churl for saying no. As I'm an honest man, I must say it for two reasons. In the first place, those old treasures turn out myths, nine times in ten, while the expenses would be awful, and the probable result, ruin. I know

what you would say; I have just reclaimed sixteen hundred acres from the sea. Yes, but it was done by a wealthy company of British capitalists, and, though we have beaten Neptune for once, the costs will swallow up all profit for ten years or more. And next, forgive my bluntness, I love Mademoiselle Dyring, and I should be base were I to try to win her love in return, without your permission; yet—" And here I broke down. The baron got very red; walked to the window, and looked out into the busy street, beating with his fingers on the glass of the window-pane. After a good while he turned round, and said, kindly, that I had behaved most honourably, and that he liked me better than ever. He went on to add that Christina was but a child (girls are always children in a parent's eyes), and that there was plenty of time before her, ere she troubled her little head about love and marriage. As to me, I should myself be married long before that day. And he gave my hand a squeeze that I felt for an hour afterwards, and took leave of me.

Long months afterwards, in the pleasant spring weather, I got a letter from Madame Dyring, ostensibly to beg that I would execute certain commissions for her in the Friedrichs-street. However, the good mistress of Rothesgaard was a poor diplomatist, and she soon revealed her real purpose. I had not, it seemed, been successful in dissuading the baron from his rash project. His mind was so bent on draining off the waters of the Agger fiord, and regaining the treasure whose recovery would restore the fallen fortunes of the family, that he was on the high road to ruin. He had for months, even through the inclement season, been carrying on extensive and costly operations, under the guidance of a very clever American, a military man, a certain Colonel Popplewell, of the United States service. This gentleman, whom the baron had met at Kiel, was a man of science, and a skilled engineer, and he was superintendent of the works, and a guest at the castle. The baron thought highly of him, and followed his advice implicitly, but the rest of the household had not taken any peculiar fancy to him. Evidently the baroness was alarmed as to the consequences of the lavish expenditure going on, and she begged, as a favour, that I would come down for a week or two and give my opinion of the state of affairs. "We shall all be glad to see our English friend again!" said the post-script.

I could not get leave of absence at once, but in about three weeks after the receipt of madame's letter, I crossed the threshold of Rothesgaard. The baron, looking ten years older than he used to look, but still frank and hearty, came into the hall to greet me. The family, he said, would be glad to have me back among them, and he was sure that I, on my part, would be charmed with Colonel Popplewell. He, the baron, had not mentioned my name or profession, or even my nationality, to the colonel; but

he was sure that we should take to each other at once, as kindred spirits. In a minute more, I was in the drawing-room. In the midst of the Dyring family stood a tall bony man, showily dressed, and with a profusion of coarse black hair falling over his sallow cheeks, and high though narrow forehead.

"Colonel Popplewell—Mr. King!" said the baron, gaily, imitating as nearly as he could the traditional English method of introduction. "You will be good friends, my dear sirs, I venture to predict. But, ah, himmel! what is the matter?"

For the distinguished Colonel Popplewell, who had given a very visible start at the sight of me, and another at the mention of my name, had reddened, dropped his eyes, lifted them again, finally turned away, and shuffled out of the room with all despatch. The baron called to him, but in vain, and in a minute more we heard the hall door violently slammed. The American was gone, and it was plain that I was the cause of his abrupt exit.

"My word upon it," said Madame Dyring, "our good Mr. King has met the colonel before."

I owned that the conjecture was correct, but, respecting the baron's evident excitement and agitation, deferred telling all I knew until positively pressed with questions. At last I spoke as follows: "I do know this precious Colonel Popplewell, and, I am sorry to say, I know no good of him. He was chain-bearer to a surveying party in Canada, of which I was second surveyor, and was accounted a clever fellow, but was discharged for embezzlement. He has been, to my knowledge, a tavern waiter, steward of an Ohio steamer, billiard marker, and itinerant preacher; and no rogue in the United States is more notorious. I saw him tried for forgery at Philadelphia, and afterwards he was in the penitentiary at Sing Sing. His name, when I first met him, was, not Popplewell, but Caleb Flish, and—" But at this point Baron Dyring, whose bronzed face had grown ghastly pale, gave a groan, dropped into a chair, covered his face with his hands, and sobbed. His grief was terrible, for he now bitterly reproached himself with having encumbered his estate, and ruined his family, in following the advice of a specious adventurer. And certainly it turned out that Flish, or Popplewell—who never appeared again at Rothsgaard, knowing too well that the game was up—had led the baron into disastrous follies.

I found that the Agger fiord had been in a

great measure drained: so far as to leave many patches of bare mud, and the ruins of a hamlet, visible. But great expenses had been incurred in plant and labour; costly engines had been erected; and the wily adventurer had left his accounts in hopeless confusion, and very little cash remained of the sums raised on mortgage. I need hardly say that no treasure had been discovered.

Baron Dyring was for giving up the enterprise, selling half his property to clear off debts, and cutting down his expenditure to the lowest pitch. However, I was able, fortunately, to point out another course. If the Rothsgaard estate were swamped with mortgages, the Agger fiord was half drained, and it would have been a thousand pities to allow the sea to resume possession. By putting matters in a right and economical train, I managed to drain off as much water as added a dozen fat meadows to the property, with little extra cost. The dams were repaired, the pumping engines were used more sparingly, and the work was slowly but cheaply done. At the baron's request, I gave up my situation at Copenhagen, and went to reside at Rothsgaard.

In ten years, at little expense compared with the lavishness of the first outlay, we reclaimed the whole bed of the Agger fiord from the sea, turning the salt lagoon into marsh, and the marsh into good pasture and arable. In fifteen years, thanks to the increase of national and local prosperity, we were able to clear the Rothsgaard estates of mortgages. But before three years, I had become the husband of Christina Dyring, with the full consent of her family. Our house is on the Rothsgaard estate, and I farm a large amount of the rescued acres, under Christina's brother, Baron Eskil, as I did formerly in the lifetime of my old friend and father-in-law, who lived long enough to see the happy change, and to own that though the traditional treasure was still un-found, the recovered lands of the Agger fiord had been a treasure in themselves. This, I suspect, is what the rhyming author of the distich meant, after all.

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